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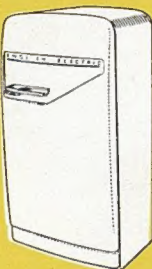




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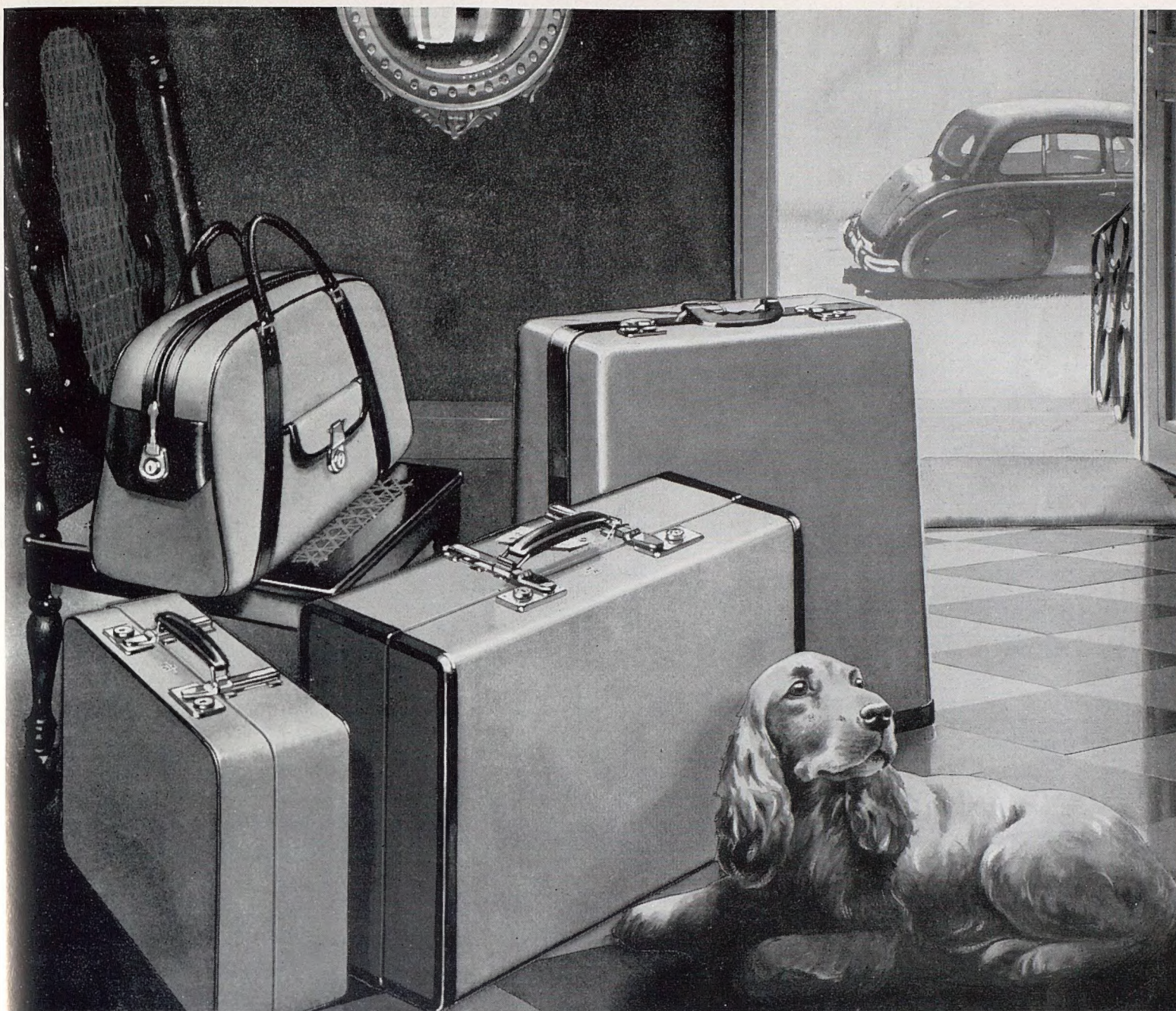
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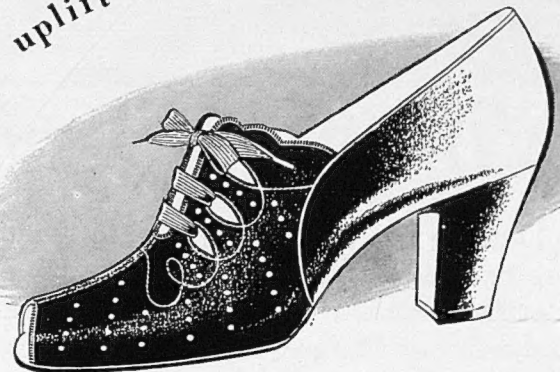
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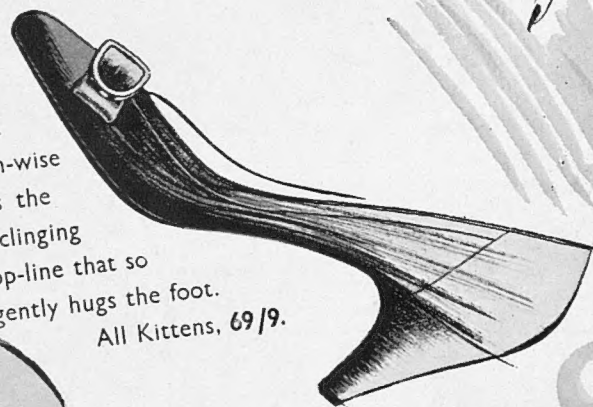
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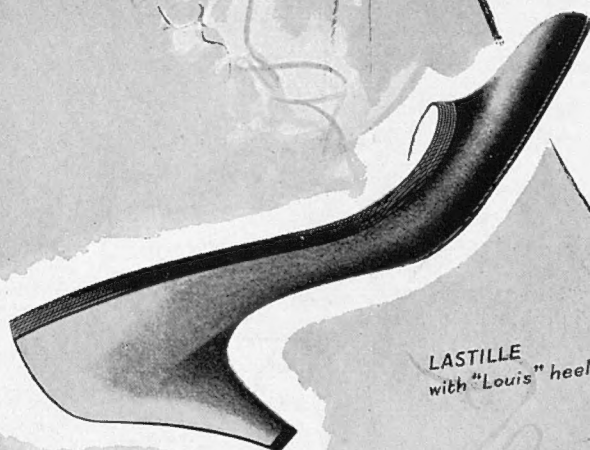
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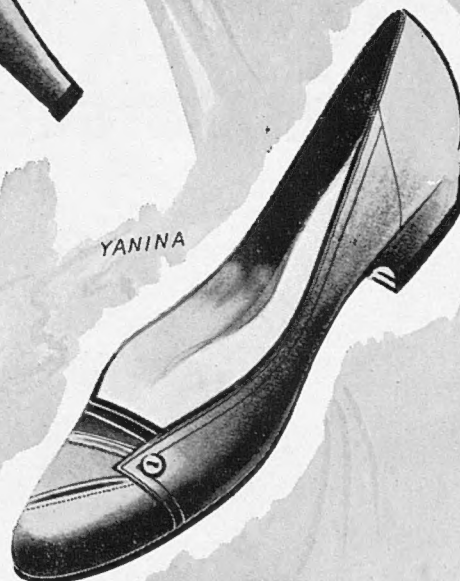


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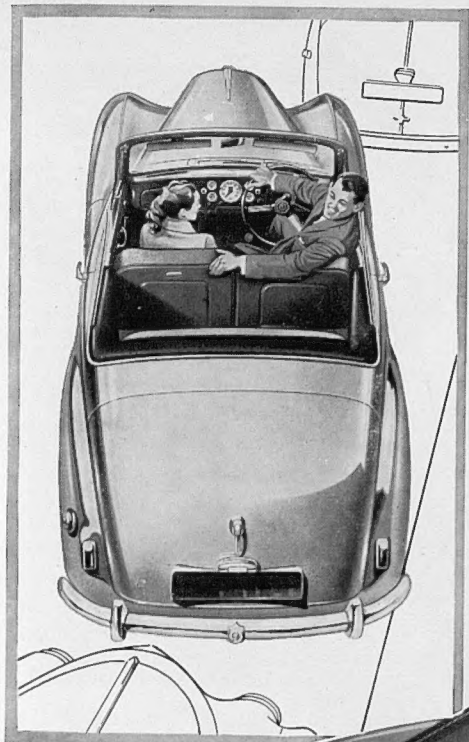


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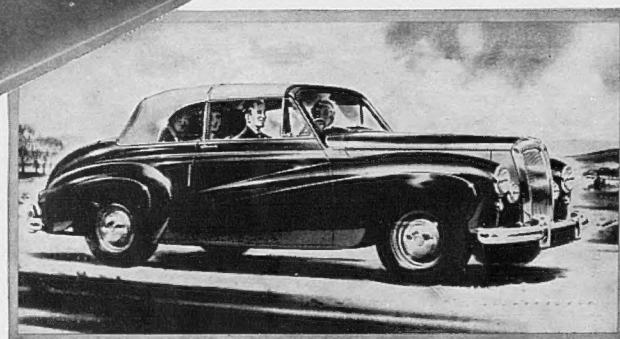
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 11 to May 18



THE COUNTESS BEATTY, who forms the subject of our cover photograph by Eric Coop, is the beautiful American-born wife of the second Earl, who succeeded his father, famous Admiral of World War One, in 1936. The Countess, noted for her dress sense and flair for decoration, is pictured in the drawing-room of her beautiful home, Alexander House, North Terrace, Kensington. Earl and Countess Beatty have a three-year-old daughter, Lady Diana Beatty

May 11 Princess Margaret visits headquarters of English Folk Dance and Song Society, Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park.
Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket.
Bath May Festival opens.
Lady Grasett and Mrs. Peter Evelyn's dance in Belgrave Square for Miss Mary Kay Grasett and Miss Elizabeth Evelyn.
First night, *The Lark* (Lyric, Hammersmith).

Lord's: Middlesex v. Essex.

May 12 Windsor Horse Show opens in Home Park, Windsor, 12-14.
Princess Margaret attends Pied Piper Ball at Hyde Park Hotel.
United Nations Association 10th anniversary dinner at Guildhall.
First night, *My Three Angels* (Lyric).

May 13 Queen and Duke of Edinburgh visit Epsom College.
Lingfield Park Summer Meeting, 13-14 (Derby Trial Stakes, 13th).
Bath Festival Ball.
Lady Margaret McCausland's dance for Miss Mary McCausland at Epcombs, Hertingfordbury, Herts.

May 14 Racing at Lingfield, Pontefract, Worcester and Ayr.
Polo at Cowdray Park.
First night, *Die Walküre* (Covent Garden).
Lord's: Middlesex v. Hampshire.

May 15 Polo at Cowdray Park.

May 16 Start of the Ladies' British Open Amateur golf championships at R. Portrush, Northern Ireland.
Princess Margaret at première of film *The Dam Busters*, Empire, Leicester Square.
Royal Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House.
British-American Ball at Dorchester Hotel.

May 17 Racing at York and Wolverhampton.
England Ball at Grosvenor House.

May 18 Opening of Olympic Horse Trials, Windsor Great Park, 18-21.
"Painting is a Pleasure" exhibition, Trafford Galleries, Mount Street, W.1.

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Famous novelist's daughter engaged

MISS VERONICA WAUGH, only daughter of Mr. Alec Waugh, the novelist, and Mrs. Waugh, of Edrington, Silchester, Berks, and niece of Mr. Evelyn Waugh, has announced her engagement to Mr. Christopher Keeling, son of the late Sir Edward Keeling, M.C., M.P., and of Lady Keeling, of Wilton Street, S.W.1.



MRS. PETER THORNEYCROFT, wife of the President of the Board of Trade, is seen here at her home in Chester Square. Before her marriage she was Countess Carla Roberti. Her interests are wide and include art and music, while she is also an authority on fashion. Mr. and Mrs. Thorneycroft have a daughter, Victoria, who is nearly four years old

Social Journal

Jennifer

PRIVATE VIEW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE London Season, now in full swing, always begins with the opening of the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts in Burlington House. This year there is one picture everyone will want to see. It is quite outstanding and, in the opinion of many people, the most beautiful portrait to grace the walls of this famous gallery for many years. This is the superb painting in Gallery IV by the Italian painter Pietro Annigoni of Queen Elizabeth II—regal, natural and the essence of youthful dignity. The picture was commissioned by the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, and will eventually adorn the walls of the Fishmongers' Hall in the City.

In the adjoining Gallery III there is another full length portrait of the Queen, painted by Simon Elwes; a distinguished painting which, but for the Annigoni, would no doubt have come in for more attention and comment. Another picture by Mr. Elwes, called "23 Great Winchester Street," is a clever work. It portrays the board room of the bankers, Morgan Grenfell, and personalities of the firm it is easy to distinguish include the veteran

Lord Bicester, Viscount Harcourt sitting at a desk talking to Sir George Erskine, and Lord Rennell of Rodd (Mr. Elwes's brother-in-law), standing beside the mantelpiece talking with Mr. William Hill Wood.

The full length portrait by James Gunn of the Duchess of Argyll in a green evening dress came in for much praise. Another picture of interest is Terence Cuneo's colourful painting of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in Westminster Abbey.

EARLY visitors to the private view included the Queen's Mistress of the Robes, Mary Duchess of Devonshire, in navy blue, who was among the big throng around Annigoni's Royal picture where I also saw Lady Tryon, Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton and the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys. I met the Hon. Lady Norman looking at Sir Winston Churchill's amusing painting "Bottlescape," Mrs. Terence Maxwell talking to Mrs. Neville Chamberlain beside Rodrigo Moynihan's canvas of the Penguin Editors (the biggest picture in the exhibition), and Mr. Geoffrey and the Hon. Mrs. Agnew and their débutante daughter, Jennifer, going round the galleries.

Others in the big crowd were Lord and Lady Brocket, Lord Strathalmond, Mrs. Ronnie Johnston, Lord Templewood, Mrs. Leo Lonsdale, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash—a colourful "regular" for many years at the private view—Mr. Cecil Beaton talking to Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Marks, Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie, Lady Courtney and Countess Howe. Mrs. Bertie Raphael was going round the galleries with Viscountess Vaughan, who looked very pretty in black, and I met Mrs. Hugh Rose, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Stephen Eve admiring some of Sir Alfred Munnings's exhibits, which include a family picture called "The Bay Horse And Ourselves," and a bigger picture of a meet with the provocative title of "Who's The Lady?"

BRIG. DEREK SCHREIBER, Lady Melchett, Mrs. Derek Hague, Lady Grantley and Miss Caroline Judd were others there. Among artists I saw Mr. Maurice Codner and Sir Gerald Kelly, the latter, who has six pictures in the Exhibition, standing near his very clever bust in bronze by Maurice Lambert which depicts him with his paint brushes and wearing his bi-focal spectacles.

I enjoyed this Exhibition very much and

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which, incidentally, the Duke of Edinburgh has recently become patron. The ball promises to be one of the most brilliant of the summer and is to take place on June 24 at Compton Verney, near Kineton in Warwickshire, which Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lamb have kindly lent for the occasion. It is hoped to raise a big sum for the fund, which needs money urgently to carry on the invaluable work of research into the cause, prevention, cure and treatment of the dreaded poliomyelitis.

Compton Verney makes a glorious setting for a ball as all those who have enjoyed the Warwickshire Hunt Ball here for the past two years will appreciate. The lake adjoining the house is to be floodlit and guests should be able to enjoy strolling in the lovely grounds between dances. The committee running the ball includes the Marchioness of Northampton, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. C. H. Liddell, Major and Mrs. R. C. Warlow-Harry and Major Peter Starkey. Tickets, which include supper and breakfast, may be obtained from the Marchioness of Northampton, Castle Ashby, Northampton.

★ ★ ★

NEXT Wednesday, May 18, the third "Painting is a Pleasure" exhibition opens at the Trafford Gallery, 119 Mount Street. This is always a most interesting show and among the exhibitors this year are King Feisal II of Iraq, the Duchess of Gloucester, the U.S. Ambassador, the Portuguese Ambassador, Viscount Astor, Viscountess Duncannon, Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, the Earl of Euston, Beatrice Lillie, Dame Felicity Peake and Douglas Fairbanks. The proceeds of this exhibition, which Viscountess Duncannon has worked hard to organize, are for the benefit of Toc H.

★ ★ ★

LADY WADDILOVE, who has devoted so much of her life and given so much of her money to charity, is president of a dinner ball to be held at Claridge's on June 6, in aid of the North Islington Nursery School. Unfortunately Lady Waddilove is not well enough to attend herself, as for health reasons she has had to spend much of the past two years in Switzerland, so all her numerous friends will want, in her absence, to make the ball a tremendous success. Lady St. John of Bletso is the ball chairman, and those requiring tickets should apply to her at 79 Davies Street, London, W.1.



AN ANGLO-SWEDISH ENTENTE CORDIALE

THE Anglo-Swedish Society gave its annual dinner and dance at Claridge's. Lord Adrian, President of the Royal Society and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was the guest of honour. Above: Lieutenant E. J. Behn, U.S.N.R., Vicomte D'Orthez, Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, and Mrs. Behn



Left: Miss Sally Churchill and Count Ahlefeldt on their way into the ball-room. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps and Government were present



Right: Miss Beryl Grey, the Sadler's Wells Company ballerina, who is the wife of Dr. Svenson, was talking to Countess Alette Brockenhaus-Schach

Gabor Denes

BRITAIN GREETSTHE SPRINGBOKS

WHEN I fell to pondering contemporary South African cricket I was forced to the conclusion that there has never been another team like it and its predecessor in the history of cricket. For, surely, no other international side has won its Test matches because of superior strength in fielding alone.

This startling development began when Ken Viljoen and Jack Cheetham were appointed respectively manager and captain of the Springbok team to tour Australia. The side, when it was announced, got the equivalent of the big-horse laugh throughout the Union, and had a pretty miserable send-off on the long voyage across the Indian Ocean.

During that voyage manager and captain got their heads together and decided simply to conquer the Australian individuals by bringing the full weight of the whole team against each one of them separately whenever the game permitted it. This had to be put into effect in the field so that the mediocre totals which were all the South Africans could hope to attain would prove to be big enough.

THE thesis was straightforward enough: it is not possible to turn eleven men into brilliant bats; it is not possible to turn eleven men into brilliant bowlers; it is possible to turn eleven men into brilliant fielders.

And that is what Viljoen and Cheetham decided to do. They succeeded if not beyond their own dreams certainly beyond the imaginings of the complacent Australians who made the often fatal error of under-estimating the opposition.

Hugh Tayfield, an off-spinner who in my judgment is not as good as Athol Rowan but quite as good as Tom Goddard, took more wickets in Tests in Australia than any bowler had ever done before, including the great Sidney Barnes. Every possible catch, and some that were impossible became another wicket for him while superlative ground fielding and the neglected art of throwing at the wicket made sure that his analysis remained good.

We can bring this story up-to-date quickly by emphasizing that the South African team that is with us now is reputed to be an even better fielding side than its predecessor in Australia. Since that team had claims to be the finest fielding combination ever, it looks very much as though English crowds are going to see in action this summer the finest fieldsmen cricket has ever produced. That in itself should be a magnificent spectacle.

I can add another piece of intelligence to ponder over. Mr. Arthur Coy, president of the South African Cricket Board who watched the England team in action in Australia, informs me that Neil Adcock, the young Transvaaler, is every bit as fast as Tyson—and

A view of the beautiful ground at Worcester, showing the tower of the thirteenth-century cathedral, which was taken on the occasion of the last South African tour where the team played their opening match on May 7

ROBERT CRISP, the sports writer and author of this article, is himself a former South African Test cricketer. He is, therefore, well qualified to write an appreciation and criticism of this new side, which has been given such a warm welcome over here in anticipation of a brilliant cricket season. Robert Crisp is now writing and farming in Norfolk



T. L. Goddard, the batsman and slow left arm bowler, who took so many wickets in Australia, putting in some intensive practice



H. J. Tayfield, the off-spinner, seen in a new action, has for long been one of the team's most experienced and brilliant bowlers

remember, South African turf wickets are not renowned for their pace.

Now let us, belatedly, get down to this 1955 South African cricket team. In contrast to the M.C.C.'s policy of specialization, the Springboks include six all-rounders, although the best all-rounder of them all (and one of the three best in the world) Clive van Ryneveld, has decided that briefs will further his career as a barrister better than a cricket tour. This is an arguable supposition—but not here.

ON the whole the team has given general satisfaction, the only surprises being an athletic young man called Winslow, whose father represented South Africa at Wimbledon with some success, and a Rhodesian named Duckworth. The Winslow boy is reckoned to have approximately two strokes—a terrific drive and a defensive prod. He contrives to drive most balls. Duckworth is the reserve wicket-keeper and as he "keeps" neither for his province nor his club, some people can be excused for attributing his selection to some obscure form of heredity.

Ironside, perhaps the best swing bowler in the Union, has been omitted in favour of a youth from the Free State called Heine. Heine is tall with a good action and at the other end to Adcock is expected to provide an opening partnership fully as effective as Tyson and Statham.

Hugh Tayfield has been discussed earlier and is well known in this country. The attack

and the field will be built up around him as it was in Australia.

Ian Smith has toured England before when he relieved failure by taking a hat-trick (against Derbyshire, if I remember correctly). He is a much better bowler now than he was then—more accurate and faster through the air. He has no googly.

IN a team of great enthusiasts McGlew and Goddard, the opening pair, are probably the most enthusiastic. McGlew is tough, determined and painstaking, and one of the best fielders in any position in the world. Goddard adds slow, left-arm bowling to his batting ability.

Mansell, with Cheetham, is the veteran of the side at thirty-four years of age. He bowls leg breaks, optimistically, perhaps, and is ready to discard them in favour of "cutters," i.e. straight up and down. He is an excellent slip field.

Jack Cheetham, the captain, is a decisive factor, more by reason of his captaincy than his ability as a batsman. He is the inspiration of the will to win in South African cricket, and his wonderful temperament makes of him a better player than he is mechanically.

There will be keen competition between Murray and Fuller for a place in the Test side, with the odds on Murray. He is a fine all-rounder and can keep an end going indefinitely with his "seamers." Fuller is considered rather lucky to have been chosen although he was by

no means a failure in Australia. He is an attractive, hard-hitting batsman and a quickish bowler who can move the new ball away but prefers not to.

Russell Endean is probably the best and most experienced bat in the team though most people will remember him for the fantastic catches he has made and, no doubt, will make on this tour.

Waite has developed into a first-class wicket-keeper. He is reputed to be a bit of a showman, but I, for one, am all in favour of the exercise of a little personality in these drab days.

THE two remaining members of the side, McLean and Keith, are its two most attractive bats. McLean, in particular, is a brilliant attacker who may collect a few ducks but equally certainly can produce the innings that will win a Test match dramatically. Keith is a left-hander who can really crack the ball and who can keep one end shut-up as well if the occasion demands.

The South African summing-up is that it is not an exceptional side and has no great prospects of winning the Tests. But if I am right in the judgment that they are a better fielding side than their predecessors, then not only will the South Africans introduce a new phase to international cricket in this country, but will administer several severe and indiscriminate shocks in the process.



The captain of the team, Jack E. Cheetham. Seldom has a side from South Africa been preceded by a higher reputation than this one



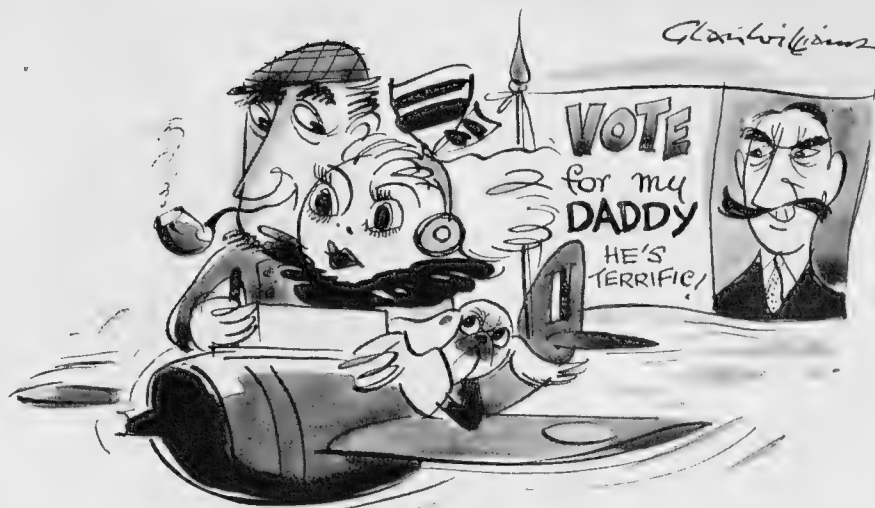
John H. B. Waite, who is a first-class wicket-keeper. The average age of the team is only twenty-seven, their oldest member thirty-five



D. J. McGlew, a tough determined and experienced batsman, is also considered to be one of the finest fielders in the world today

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"They sit side by side and while he flies the thing capriciously . . . she sits with a map case in her lap"

My favourite débutante Deirdre has been plunged into a perplexity. No sooner had she undergone the rigours of the deb dress show at the Berkeley, which she thought rather like a cool version of Devil's Island, from which you cannot escape, than the first confusion occurred.

She was sitting at breakfast cheerfully contemplating the opening of the show jumping season, to which she has been addicted since a fat child, when she noticed her father pacing up and down the dining-room, a plate of filleted kipper in his left hand and a distracted look on his face.

Deirdre was scared. "Daddy, is it the election?" she asked. Daddy is Conservative representative for one of those wild, woolly constituencies that make small trouble, but take a great deal of covering.

"Oh, no!" cried Deirdre, "I can't kiss babies. They smell of milk."

"Your mother can kiss them," replied Daddy, "she is used to it. What I want you to do is to organize a youth campaign. To go out and about and let the free spirit of the young flow through the Prime Minister's declaration that this is the State of Opportunity."

His daughter saw the danger signal in this sentence. But also she saw the light. The boy friend. He is a handsome young man with an eighteenth-century look to him who takes her flying at weekends in a small Miles aircraft. They sit side by side and while he flies the thing capriciously, giving her butterflies in the stomach, she sits with a map case on her lap and headphones on, picking up signals. She has not yet told him that all she has picked up so far is Edmundo Ros.

Herbert, she decided, would save her. She remembered how he had behaved when they came down in a potato field when looking for a friend's house (there was a broad dirt road across it which he picked perfectly for a landing). Herbert didn't say a word, but she had noticed that the locals, presented before their very eyes with this miracle of skymanship, had

turned the other way almost out of politeness, pretending that nothing had happened.

These were the people she needed to find for Daddy's vote. And Herbert was the pilot for her. In her little book he was marked in firmly as QuSiT.*

DADDY, having finished his kipper, began to address her again.

"Don't you understand how dangerous it is for the Stock Exchange openly to offer odds of three to one on in favour of a Conservative victory?" he demanded.

"Those kind of odds led to the undoing of Prince Simon in the Derby."

Deirdre had been a child at the time, but she remembered the crisis well.

Then gloom set in again. Election day is the day after the Derby. Could she persuade her devoted boy friend, who has already taken her to see *Kismet* and

The Jazz Train, to fly her south in time to get to Epsom for lunch?

It would be asking too much.

But horses are horses. She remembered reading in bed the night before a book from the London Library called *Female Tuition*, published in 1784.

"Fashion," it said, "has fixed the idea of charming and noble to an elegant woman on a fine horse. The man who never saw this preposterous junction could hardly conceive a position in which two such handsome animals could be more ludicrously placed."

Shucks to horses, thought Deirdre, although she still thinks the Queen's Alexander may win.

SHE said goodbye to Papa, having promised all, and went to the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts at Burlington House.

Here was another blow. Sir Alfred Munnings, P.P.R.A., has a painting titled "Who's the Lady?" which isn't fair from a man from whom you expect only horses.

And she was deeply puzzled by a picture painted by John Bratby in Gallery VIII, "Jean with Marigolds, 1954." She is stripped to the waist sitting at the breakfast table. Beer on the table, a china dog, bottles, cups of tea and a milk bottle.

She thought of Daddy's face if he had caught her like this and wondered whether there was any point to it, at breakfast time anyway.

There is a most remarkable quality to this year's Academy show (for as you may imagine I went with Deirdre). The artists have all decided to paint the heirs to great houses and famous names.

They are young men with delicate faces and many of them hold in their hands long cigars with a good ash. I thought how resigned they looked. And how gently they carried their fortunes in their faces, as though they seemed to know that now is the quiet time and when next they are called upon to defend their country's honour they will be older men.

The portrait of the Queen, by Annigoni, is more sombre in colour than you would



"I cannot imagine a more salubrious celebration by elderly Englishmen"

* Quite Safe in Taxi.

A U T O G R A P H

I cannot draw, I'm no celebrity—

*Why should you leave your album here
with me?*

*My name seems lame, though propped
with cordial wishes—*

*Here goes. I'll put: "With love and all
best clichés."*

—LORNA WOOD

guess from the newspaper reproductions, yet it has a fine, young, gleaming and lissom quality to it, as Churchill said in his farewell grace to his Monarch at Downing Street a month ago.

Embassies and consulates all over the world, having seen it, want it for hanging, for it expresses so perfectly the new idea of Majesty.

★ ★ ★

To his grandson Bernard Einstein, the greatest man of this century, Dr. Albert Einstein, left his beloved violin.

Music from the spheres is an easy thing to say. But this gentle man left more. He gave to the humdrum intellectuals a hint that there is a unity in the universe and that it makes some sense.

So many others have been concerned to say that there is confusion and that there are great boxes of trouble above us, or black clouds of influence hovering, waiting for the chance to settle.

Dr. Einstein was much in love with his fellow human beings. I remember once talking to the publicity director of the Princeton School for Advanced Studies, where Einstein and Niels Bohr and Oppenheimer had sanctuary, and he told me that he was worried because his daughter came home late from school in the afternoon. It took him some time to find out that the small girl had been going to call on Einstein, who had been doing her arithmetic homework for her.

★ ★ ★

I WAS reminded of the war by an elderly man with a walking stick the other day, walking down Pall Mall. He pointed at a club refreshed from bombing, which reminded him of the saddest and also the happiest days of his life. He had been one of the planners for D-Day and a great number of the planners with brass on their caps, generals, admirals and air marshals, were caught by a stray bomb and taken with varying injuries to the casualty ward at St. George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner.

This is the ward where the drunks and car accidents are taken, too, and I remembered how later a nurse told me there (I was not a drunk, but a car accident) how all these famous men had lain quiet in their beds, waiting for the radio to announce the invasion.

When the news came through they leapt from their beds and had a pillow fight.

I cannot imagine a more salubrious celebration by elderly Englishmen.



HENRY HUGH ARTHUR FITZROY SOMERSET, K.G., G.C.V.O., 10TH DUKE OF BEAUFORT, who is President of the Royal Windsor Horse Show which opens tomorrow, is the Queen's efficient Master of the Horse, and thus responsible for much of the pageantry associated with occasions of State. He is President of the British Horse Society and has done much to encourage the high standard of British show jumping—unsurpassed by any other country during the past few years since the first Olympic trials were held at his home at Badminton in Gloucestershire. As the owner of 52,000 acres and Master of his own hounds his experience has been unsparingly applied to farming and country problems generally. The first member of his family to be Master of the Horse to a reigning monarch was the 4th Earl of Worcester, a marquessate which he still holds



HUNT 'CHASES IN CHESHIRE

THE Cheshire Hunt recently held very successful races at Ridley. Above: Miss P. Wint of the Meynell who was the winner on Mr. J. M. Spurrier's Joyess in Lady Broughton's Challenge Cup, the Ladies Open Steeplechase



Mrs. P. M. Tomkinson, Lady Margaret Myddelton, sister of the Marquess of Lansdowne, Mrs. T. Palmer, and Mrs. J. A. Dewhurst, whose husband Col. Dewhurst was a former Master of the Cheshire



At the Races

DOUBTFUL FUTURES

QUITE apart from the great inconvenience caused to the general public by the strike in the newspaper world, one large section of it, the bookmakers, was quite heavily hit. I am told by Leviathans of the craft that ante-post betting was "severely curtailed," to put things very mildly, and that the same thing was true of all forms of off-the-course betting.

This was almost bound to happen the moment that the main source of information was cut off. The public like to know how any leading character has been doing; whether A has cleaned up his manger and whether B's doubtful leg has stood up to it. Betting people also like to know how the market has ruled at the Victoria Club. During the strike only the very few knew anything at all, and I do not regard the present quoted prices as any true guide, so I think that John Citizen would be well advised to button up his pockets and wait till the day.

Ante-post betting has, in our days, never attained the volume it did in those of our forefathers. Probably this is regarded by the anti-gambling people as a very good thing, but as no one can be made virtuous by Act of Parliament the next best thing is to ensure that betting shall be made as safe and well-controlled as possible. I should venture to think that welshing is nowadays unknown where the really big fish are concerned. Anyone who bets with the other kind deserves anything that may come to him.

OUR chances of keeping out the French invader do not look too bad. I think we should not write off Our Babu, and this means, so far as we dare say, that he and Acropolis will be holding the fort. We do not know when the next strike is going to start, especially as at time of writing we have barely weathered one. Personally, I think we shall be lucky if we can arrive at the Autumn Double without a further obliteration of "Old Joe" and his "finals." I sincerely hope that I am a pessimist, but the omens do not look very favourable.

REVERTING to these ferocious sheep-killing foxes, another correspondent suggests that there is just the chance that the culprit may not always be a four-legged one. As to this I do not pretend to know, but sheep stealing used to mean an interview with the hangman. The allegations that foxes now indulge in combined operations, i.e. hunt in packs like wolves, the Cape hunting dog and the Indian wild dog, is a bit novel; but it is vouched for by my correspondent in the Beaufort country.

The Cape hunting dog, who has a lot of the hyena in him, does things on a scientific principle, and having selected his victim, never leaves him. He even sends on relays well ahead to take up the pursuit after the main body begins to tire. The Indian wild dog, who has both wolf and jackal in his pedigree, does very much the same thing as the Caper, and cuts out his selected black buck or whatnot, and adheres solely to his line.

Another notorious sheep-killer, the Australian dingo—who is a pure dog, though with the pricked ears of the wild—is, I am told, a lone hunter, and a very deadly one at that. Like our fox, he has never been easy to domesticate and is very treacherous even when "tame."

—SABRETACHE



THE WINDSOR TRIALS

A TEAM is being selected by the British Horse Society to defend our European title for the second year at the European Horse Trials, to be held at Windsor this month. Above: Major L. Rook, a member of the 1952 Helsinki team, on Mrs. J. R. Baker's Starlight Right: Miss Diana Mason with Tramella, first in the dressage in the European Horse Trials at Basle last year



Left: Lt.-Cdr. J. S. K. Oram, R.N., with Miss J. Johnson's Radar, who was reserve for the Olympic Games team at Helsinki in 1952



Right: Major F. W. C. Weldon, captain of the team last year, when they won at Basle, and captain again this year, with his horse Kilbarry



BRUNO WALTER, who was born in 1876, has achieved international fame as a conductor, both in symphonic music and in opera. He has often visited this country, and was one of the moving spirits behind the establishment of the Edinburgh Festival. A fine pianist, his recitals there with the late Kathleen Ferrier will long be remembered. He is an authority on the music of his friend Gustav Mahler, about whom he has written a penetrating biography, and whose growing reputation in this country owes much to his encouragement

Priscilla in Paris

U.S. sends treasure

I HAPPENED to sleep rather later than usual that morning and Josephine saw the headlines before I did. As she placed the breakfast-tray on my knees, she said sadly, "*Monsieur Einstein est mort, madame.*" This, from someone whose schooling stopped, so that she might earn her living, when she was twelve years old, and whose reading seems to be confined to fashion hints and the juicier murders recorded by the popular Press, was somewhat startling.

"What do you know about Einstein?" I asked, as I hurriedly unfolded the *Figaro*. "He was a Great Wise Man," Josephine gravely answered; she paused a moment before adding with quiet fervour: "And he had such beautiful, such *kind* eyes!"

To be admired and regretted by all the world as the greatest of scientists is a very fine thing, but to know that a simple soul will always remember the kindness of one's eyes is homage also.

"DE DAVID A TOULOUSE-LAUTREC," the magnificent collection of French paintings loaned by the people and various art collections and museums of the United States to the Musée de l'Orangerie, is an exhibition that is delighting Paris, and for which we are extremely grateful. After having seen—almost as far back as one can remember—these famous pictures in so many guises from imperfectly printed postcards in black-and-white to *de luxe* reproductions in colour, it is thrilling to meet them, at last, in . . . paint and canvas!

How France came to allow these treasures to be sold abroad makes a sad story. The horrid truth is that Paul Durand-Ruel, one of the first backers and patrons of the Impressionists, was avowedly on the verge of bankruptcy in 1886. He went to America and there sold many of the pictures that have since become world-famous, but which at that time had found no market in their own country. It is good, therefore, to have them back for a short while. No doubt it may seem a long time to their owners, who, possibly, may feel a little anxious about their treasures, although they are insured for so many thousands of millions of francs.

THE Impressionists, it seems, travel badly. That in their early days these pioneers of the palette were unable to afford the best butter for their mad-Hatter parties, and that the articles of their trade (if these unseemly terms may be employed!) being of inferior quality, their work runs all the greater risk of deterioration. They have reached us safely, we can only pray that they return no worse for their travels.

The Renoirs are wonderful. There is the delightful "*Cirque Fernando*" (1879), with the two little girls, child acrobats, taking their call in the circus ring. There is also the "*Judgement of Paris*" (1908), with its luminous, luscious and somewhat obese nudes, loaned by Mr. Charles Laughton, the film actor. Also, rich of



colour, joyous and vital, the enchanting "Déjeuner des Canotiers" (1881) that belongs to the Phillips Collection at Washington. In the group of gay young boaters, lunching in the green arbour above the river, the smiling girl leaning on the balustrade was to become, later, Madame Renoir, the mother of the great actor Pierre Renoir, who died a few years ago, and of Jean Renoir, the cinéast.

In the background there is the sombre note of a man wearing the inevitable, Sunday best, top hat of the period. Probably a curious *bourgeois* come to take a peep at "those" artists *en goguette*!

A WHOLE hatter's shopful of toppers is to be found in Toulouse-Lautrec's magnificent "Moulin Rouge" (1882), in which is a self-portrait of the artist himself with a friend—whose elbow he barely reaches—walking in the promenade. Lautrec permitted no one to comment upon his infirmity, but he never tried to camouflage it himself. This is a dark canvas impressively splashed with colour reflected from the gas-burners and the footlights of the stage in a wonderful study of contrasts. By the same artist there is also a drawing of Yvette Guilbert (1894) and a "Jeanne Avril Coming Away From the Moulin Rouge" (1892). A pathetic, almost grim portrait, this, of the tired old-young woman in a pensive—perhaps a despairing—mood. I do not think that Mme. Zsa-Zsa Gabor would care for it.

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD G. ROBINSON have sent us their Corot, all the way from Beverly Hills. It is the lovely "Femme à la Manche Jaune," that is also known as "l'Italienne" (1870). I am quoting this last picture from the catalogue, as I somehow missed it . . . but I shall be visiting l'Orangerie again, probably several times, for the exhibition is open until July 3rd. The crowd on the opening day was terrific, and since then there has been a positive queue trailing up the ramp of the Tuileries gardens.

I have mentioned only a few names, and there are all the Degas, Courbets, Cézannes, Manets, Gauguins, Daumiers, Gericaults, Manets and Van Goghs that one must see. There is also David's portrait of Napoleon (1810)—it leaves me cold. Anyway, at the moment I am rather fed-up with Napoleon in any shape, state or form; on the stage, the screen, or a-top of the Colonne Vendôme.

To quote from an advertisement blurb, however: "Anyone who has not seen Marlon Brando as Napoleon has never known Napoleon. . . ." Perhaps I shall have to try again.

Galanteries Espagnols

● Howard Vernon tells the story of the Spaniard who enthuses: "Lovely food in Paris. Excellent meat. Two best kinds. Steak and Folies Bergère!"

MARINA DE GABARAIN, who studied with Pierre Bernac in Paris and with Elena Gerhardt in London, made her first appearance in this country in 1948, as Carmen. Since 1952 she has sung at Glyndebourne each year, scoring notable success in the title-role of Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, and as Baba the Turk in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, a part which she is again taking during the 1955 season. Recently she appeared with Antonio at the Saville Theatre as the singer in Falla's ballet *El Amor Brujo*, revealing a voice of great power



Georges Maiteny

At the Theatre

A vintage Henry IV

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

HITHERTO this season the Old Vic has seemed even to the loyal little better than any other South London repertory company. Now, with the two parts of *Henry IV*, presented on consecutive nights as a single play, the institution recovers its lost national status. Most of the credit for the recovery belongs to one man—Mr. Douglas Seale. Mr. Seale is yet another of Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham "finds." He became known in London by his vigorous handling of the unfamiliar *Henry VI* trilogy; and this fresh affirmation of his rare gift for integrating a company and a play takes him into the front rank of our Shakespearian directors. He is young; and we need set no limits on our hopes for his future.

THE really praiseworthy thing about his achievement is that it puts the two parts of *Henry IV*, into their true perspective. Directors who have to present the parts separately are apt, excusably, to lose sight of this perspective. They are prone to accept the literary view that the history of the piece is only a tapestried hanging serving



A WARRIOR'S WIFE: Lady Percy (Ann Todd), whose life is made up of forever saying farewell to Hotspur, her warrior husband so soon to die

as background to vivid transcripts of contemporary Elizabethan town and country life.

Falstaff and his roysterers are, according to this view, more alive than Harry Monmouth, Harry Hotspur and their warring followers. But when the two parts have to be made into a dramatic unity for the stage, the inadequacy of this assumption becomes apparent.

OF course, Falstaff is the cause of the confusion. He beglamours all readers.

Each of his immortal jests carries us into a world where there is nothing serious, nothing respectable, nothing moral, nothing that is not matter for laughter. And in our enjoyment of the old rascal's enjoyment of his own magical powers we do not notice that to his creator he is only a character in the drama. It is the drama of a prince who, with a quite genuine liking for low roistering life, is gradually made aware that he is heir to heavy responsibilities, and that nothing less than the fate of his country depends on him.

From the very outset Mr. Seale keeps the point of the epic drama firmly in view. Falstaff and the Prince—even in the

apparently carefree tavern foolery that follows the Gadshill robbery—are boon companions who have already worn out their first unquestioning delight in each other's companionship. The Prince's heart is no longer in his madcap way of life, ambition is growing stronger, and Falstaff more than half suspects the change. Mr. Paul Rogers conveys this uneasiness by stressing Falstaff's reliance on wit, by not overdoing the fat man business, and by setting a glint of calculation on his every fool-born jest.

HE goes, it may be, a little too far in his muting of the great fool's enjoyment of his own folly; but it is a finely purposive performance and its ultimate reward is that the rejection scene, when it comes, touches in us not a mere waft of sentimental resentment, but a sense of the irony of things.

It is matched by Mr. Robert Hardy's carefully studied and theatrically effective rendering of the Prince moving through self-doubt and desperate gaiety towards the crisis in which Harry of Agincourt is made. Thus a promising young actor brings his promises to fulfilment.

A third excellent performance comes from Mr. John Neville. He brings a rough vigour not altogether looked for from him to Hotspur, that marvellously drawn figure of the hero of the feudal ages, with his traditional stammer (which some suppose Sir Laurence Olivier invented), his jingling impetuosity, his incorrigible turbulence, his wit, and his generosity.

Mr. Seale gets many good performances on the political side of the play. If the production has weaknesses they appear in the comic scenes in which characters well worth playing realistically are turned into figures of conventional comedy acting, but Mr. Paul Daneman is a wondrously funny Justice Shallow, a Shallow worth a long journey to collect for purposes of comparison with, say, the Shallow of Sir Laurence Olivier.



CROSSED SWORDS: Falstaff (Paul Rogers), whose figure is more suited to the tavern than the battlefield, Hotspur (John Neville), a man of action, and Prince Hal (Robert Hardy), heir to the Throne of England



Ronnie Pilgrim

PATRICK BARR AS

A TEST PILOT

THE DAM BUSTERS, which has a Royal première attended by Princess Margaret on May 16th, is the film of the book by Paul Brickhill describing the raid on the Ruhr dams in 1943 by the R.A.F. It is followed by a gala performance on May 17th, both of which will be in aid of various R.A.F. charities. The film features Richard Todd, as W/Cdr. Guy Gibson, and Michael Redgrave. Patrick Barr, the film, stage and television actor (left), plays Mutt Summers, the Vickers test pilot who flew the first trials with the special bomb

London Limelight

Fun without strain

BILLY DE WOLFE, now at the *Café de Paris*, is such a rarity as to be very close on unique. He is described as a comedian, and the oddity of the matter is that he is genuinely funny. True, he wears an occasional comic hat and pulls faces which are just normally ridiculous on a middle-aged, thick-set man of amiable appearance. But his wit goes deeper than that. He can create at will that happy state of exhilaration which comes so very occasionally to an ordinary man telling an anecdote at the peak of his form, and carrying an audience of old friends along with him.

This gift, which should be any comedian's stock-in-trade, has almost vanished in the régime of script-writers and song-boosters. Mr. de Wolfe returns to the true spring which his contemporaries only find at second hand.

Another senior entertainer is at *Quag's*, for a long session. This is Hutch, who is still exuding perspiration and impenetrable self-confidence. As the years go by, he has reduced some of his more popular items to a series of melodious inarticulate mumbles which merely suggest the original number to the cognoscenti, but he still plays the piano with that curious rhythmic incision which only men of colour seem able to achieve, and on the occasions when he does elect to use his voice it is as



Hutch, maestro of the romantic ditty, with voice as strongly vibrant as ever

strongly vibrant as ever. A fair proportion of his magic lies in his own obvious enjoyment of the performance.

THE B.B.C. has been rebuking an artist, engaged at very short notice, for mentioning the brand of lighter he happens to favour and which forms part of the regular patter of his act. I find the logic of this attitude on the part of the moguls very hard to detect. The TATLER, for example, is constantly used on TV to indicate to viewers the social level of the interior they are presenting. Yet those who smoke during panel games must either use cigarette cases or plain packets. Quite recently Terylene held an exhibition of considerable interest to every housewife, but the girl describing it for viewers had to bend over backwards to achieve her meaning.

At the same time, every film star and actor who arrives from overseas is given pre-show publicity in exchange for a few simpering platitudes. I wonder if the authorities have thought of asking London Transport to erase bus advertisements when they photograph Trafalgar Square?

—Youngman Carter

At the Pictures

No magic in five

IN a week of uninspiring films two courses are open to the critic. One is to preface his reviews with some general remarks, say, on the film industry or Tibetan sculpture, or anything to distract attention. The other is to scamper round as many shows as he can to avoid having to dwell on any particular one. Lack of inspiration drives me to method two. Now read on, if you dare.

F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote a story about an American journalist who returned to Paris to reclaim a child whose custody he had lost through drink and misdemeanour. More recently Jerome Kern wrote a song, "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

The connection between these two inoffensive works is a city known across the Atlantic as Paris, France. This is enough for M.-G.-M. to compound the two and, adding a lot of pink candy floss, churn out 116 minutes of Technicolored celluloid entitled *The Last Time I Saw Paris*. Van Johnson is the journalist who marries the wild girl, Elizabeth Taylor, with a wilder father, Walter Pidgeon. Then money showers unexpectedly on the family. Whereupon Van Johnson throws the novels he is writing into the fire and goes for Eva Gabor and *le High Life*. He carelessly leaves Miss Taylor out in the rain and, when she dies of pneumonia, their child is taken over by Donna Reed.

All this provides a pretext for much kissing, tears and comfy sentimentality, which will surely benefit the box-office and carry right home to the masses Hollywood's crusade against the evils of drink, women and money.

THE Curzon is usually good at picking foreign winners. But it falls below form with the French film, *La Rage au Corps*, directed without great distinction by Ralph Habib. However, since it deals with prostitution and nymphomania in a pseudo-clinical manner the film will attract its audience.

Françoise Arnoul gives a quite touching performance as a promiscuous young woman who seeks stability in marriage with a young engineer (Raymond Pellegrin). But contact with a couple who live off prostitution rekindles her *rage au corps*. After some unpleasant adventures Sir Galahad, in the guise of modern psychiatry, rescues the erring damsel.

The subject is treated with delicacy and acted with competence, but it takes more than this to keep me in my seat, even in the Curzon's comfortable *fauteuils*.

EFFECTS of *rage au corps* on nineteenth-century circus life are fully dealt with in the Swedish *Sawdust and Tinsel*, at the Academy.

This is a sombre Scandinavian study of the life and hard times of a penurious travelling-circus proprietor (Ake Gronberg),



"SAWDUST AND TINSEL," at the Academy Cinema, is a circus film from Sweden. It is written and directed by Ingmar Bergman and is one of those slow-moving, beautifully photographed tragedies which that country makes so well. Harriet Andersson is seen here as the film's heroine

Television

TELEGENIC HARPERS FOR THE PARTY

PERSONALITY is not only TV's most priceless commodity, whether for party political broadcasts, variety or home chats, but its most dangerous also.

Party political broadcasts are at full steam and party bosses must have been as hard at work as casting directors grading their leading men and women for TV personality and strictly suppressing those who lack it.

Not the programme but the man will win or lose the viewer's floating vote. Sir Anthony Eden was practically our first political TV star. Others, notably Sir Robert Boothby and Mr. Greenwood, have survived the gruelling school of "In the News." Lady Violet Bonham Carter has once (in "Snapshot") shown herself a spell-binding storyteller. But I have seen respected politicians whose TV presence could launch a thousand votes for the other side.

No doubt politicians will watch the dynamic American film producer, Stanley Kramer, to see how he survives direct inspection by TV.

ONE of the few drama producers to stamp his personality upon a TV style is Rudolph Cartier with his lush and full-blooded, but almost invariably effective costume pieces. To-morrow there is a tele-recording of his production of *Midsummer Fire*, with Laurence Payne and Jeanette Sterke. It made an absorbing if meretricious piece of well-dressed TV theatre. Next Tuesday's play will be a Cartier production of *Thunder Rock*, with Stephen Murray.

Radio's "Goon Show" is a *tour de force* of disembodied voices. But it is impossible to be disembodied on TV, as I would remind that "founder-Goon" Harry Secombe, who opens a series of three programmes on Saturday, and his fellow-Goon Spike Milligan.

By way of relief from such pressure of personality, I look forward to three days of the Windsor Horse Show this week, Sunday's film of Rome in the Cities of Europe series, and Lennox Berkeley's light one-act opera *Dinner Engagement* (libretto by Paul Dehn) on Monday.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



The gramophone

SIR MALCOLM'S "DREAM"

IT is over six years ago since I was present at a private recital of excerpts from the exceptionally fine recording of Handel's *Messiah* sung by the famous choir of the Huddersfield Choral Society, with the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, who has rehearsed and performed this great work with that society annually for over twenty years.

NOW comes the release of yet another magnificent recording from the same source. It is of *The Dream of Gerontius*, by Sir Edward Elgar, the soloists being Marjorie Thomas, Richard Lewis and John Cameron; the Huddersfield Choral Society, the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, and Sir Malcolm Sargent contributing with no uncertainty to the finished whole.

It is entirely fitting that these two twelve-inch Long Playing records should be released at a time when the conductor has just celebrated his sixtieth birthday. At twenty, Lincolnshire-born Malcolm Sargent was organist at Melton Mowbray; at thirty, with Moiseiwitsch as his teacher, he had appeared as solo pianist with the Hallé Orchestra, and within a further ten years of his musical career he was creating a permanent niche for himself through the Courtauld-Sargent concerts, and it is perhaps due to the intelligent help and patronage he received from the late Mrs. Sam Courtauld that he has been able to raise the standard of performance of our leading orchestras in the way he has undoubtedly done.

HIS critics may claim that he has been fortunate; rather let them accept that he recognised the road to success and took it.

Whatever his tastes may be, and one hazards they are amazingly catholic, it is significant that he acknowledges the importance of gramophone records to any professional musician. He is highly critical of any recording with which he has been associated, and that no doubt is why his contributions to the world of wax are never shoddy. (Columbia 33 CX. 1247-8.)

—Robert Tredinnick



Elizabeth Taylor and Van Johnson star as an ill-fated married couple in *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, a romantic drama of post-war life in that beautiful city, with cross-references to the U.S.

whose wife leaves him for the security of a tobacconist's shop, and whose mistress (Harriet Andersson) deserts him for a young actor. It is all very sad; and rather slow and disjointed. Its virtues are that it smells of the authentic sweat and sawdust of the circus, the acting is good and there are moments of dramatic impact.

The same programme includes a nicely-made documentary, *Picasso*, dealing intelligently and interestingly with the great man's work. To watch him working is fascinating.

I felt more at home back in the bad old West with James Cagney as a hard-riding, straight-shooting sheriff in Paramount's *Run for Cover*. Besides trying to keep law and order in a township which is a chronic victim of hold-ups and bank robberies, he has to cope with an unsatisfactory deputy sheriff in John Derek. But have no fear. Cagney can handle these situations with one hand tied behind his back, and he does.

He is further supplied with a nice Swedish girl, Viveca Lindfors, for romantic purposes, and plenty of bad men for shooting practice.

HIGH BROWS will arch when I say that a lowbrow little British domestic drama, *What Every Woman Wants* (Marble Arch Pavilion), is more meritorious than most of the matter above described.

It is an honestly made job about overcrowded family life in the lower-income groups. Centred round the attractions of shop-girl Elsy Albin there is conflict between Patric Doonan, as a young Communist worker, and William Sylvester, as a soldier returned from Korea. Brenda de Banzie makes a fine Mum. It is well directed by Maurice Elvey.

You can see Erroll Flynn having a fine time as the Black Prince in Cinema-Scope in 20th Century-Fox's *The Dark Avenger*, along with Joanne Dru and Peter Finch.

But you would probably be best advised to join the British Film Institute and do some Old Tyme picturegoing at the National Film Theatre (Waterloo). Under the title "Homage to United Artists" they are presenting some classics from the palmy days of D. W. Griffith, Charlie (they call him Charles) Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sen.

Chaplin's *The Gold Rush* is on to-day, the 15th to 18th, and 22nd to 25th. Looking ahead there are others you may want to see: *Way Down East* (Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess), May 29th to June 1st, and June 5th to 8th; *The Taming of the Shrew* (Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sen.), June 12th to 15th; and *The Three Musketeers* (Douglas Fairbanks, Sen.), June 19th to 22nd.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Eric Coop

SALVADOR DALÍ is painting a portrait of Sir Laurence Olivier in the rôle of Richard III., which is undoubtedly a unique experience for this distinguished actor. Dalí's career has been a triumph of publicity, as well as of painting, but that his somewhat startling imaginative qualities are allied to an unusually brilliant craftsmanship has never been denied, his "Crucifixion" having given him place beside the mystical painters in the great Spanish tradition. His appearance, supported by the famous "antennæ," by which he sets much store, is no less striking than his work.

TO VENICE BY AIR

VENICE showed its carnival aspect to a British party who arrived there by flying-boat to embark on the Agamemnon for a cruise among the Greek islands. They went round the city's most noted cafés and night-clubs and in the morning boarded a fleet of gondolas to witness the gay Italian scene from the great waterways on which Venice and its fame are built



Mr. R. B. Waddell, his daughter Miss Maureen Waddell and Mr. Terence Kilmartin in the flying-boat, first civil plane for many years to land on the lagoon



Left: Mr. David Farwell and Mrs. Colin Gray look out across the lagoon, while the famous Bridge of Sighs spans the canal behind



Right: Lt.-Col. Colin Gray and Mrs. V. M. Koefman arrive by gondola at the hotel. Venice is founded on an archipelago of more than a hundred islands



Miss Bridget Jackson and Mrs. A. M. Crooks admire the architecture in the beautiful Piazza St. Marco. In the background is the celebrated clock tower



Left: Miss Anne Paton and Mr. and Mrs. Bro-movsky share a gondola that takes them through the Grand Canal and the lesser marine thorough-fares of Venice



Right: Sir John Wrightson, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Wrightson, who is a daughter of the late Vis-count Dawson of Penn, admire a Venetian palace described to them by the guide



ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.—by GRAHAM

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

"TAKE this, Miss Hon. Frosted Prune!" shouts Mr. Yakimoto, and another poor little Tokyo typist is due for an exhausting bout with the 1955 Japanese typewriter, the keyboard of which—as a sympathetic special correspondent of *Le Figaro* was lately remarking in a survey of the contemporary Japanese scene—covers some 1,300 phonetics, ideophonetics, and ideograms. From which one may deduce that Hon. Miss Frosted Prune, apart from twittering under her breath about Mr. Yakimoto, often wishes her Mums had let her be a geisha.

Geishas have no light task at times, a knowledgeable chap assures us, in entertaining jovial business men at stag dinner-parties, but at least they are protected by traditional etiquette, whereas poor tiny Miss H. F. P., like her sisters everywhere, is probably continuously on the alert. There is a song about this, he added, very popular with Japanese stenographers, called *Cherry-Blossom In A Pig's Eye To You, Mr. Toshiwara*, running thus:

If my Mums had only let me be a geisha,
Smiling politely, with one discreet flutter of an
eyelash,
I could convey to you, Mr. Toshiwara,
That you could go chase yourself twice up Fujiyama,
But it seems to have an opposite effect somehow.

Why is it always cherry-blossom time
With Japanese widget-exporters?

A query, one might add, bowing courteously
and drawing in the breath, not confined to the
business world of the Orient.

Clue

ON Shakespeare's birthday, 1954, a citizen still at large tossed a lady into the Avon. On Shakespeare's birthday, 1955, the cops were expecting him to mingle with the Stratford horde again, drawn (*vide Press*) by morbid curiosity. However, he didn't, and we venture to suggest that the cops are missing an obvious line of research.

Tossing ladies into the Avon on Shakespeare's birthday is a typical Baconian crime, the last occasion being in 1949, when a Baconian minor official suspected of deviation from the Party line was entrapped by a kiss from a beautiful *agente-provocatrice* of Bureau C into admitting that he half-believed at times that Shakespeare

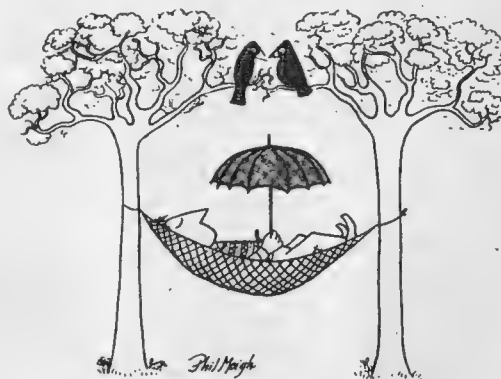
may have been born in Shakespeare's Birthplace (finally selected in 1760). Realising his fatal slip, he tossed her into the river and got away just in time to dodge Razor Charley and Izzy the Rap. Morbid curiosity might well draw an ex-Baconian refugee to Stratford on Shakespeare's birthday again after an incident of this kind, but the Shakespeare Society's welfare branch would have put him on other work, such as chalking walls in Leeds with slogans in praise of Professor Dover Wilson; partly for his own safety, partly to keep him under observation during the brainwashing.

Tattoo-marks on the left arm give them away. Look for the five blue dots under "I Love Daisy Hargreaves," cops.

Noggin

SKULL-SWIPING as a hobby has gone out, it occurred to us on reading about the fruitless scientific postmortem on the contents of Einstein's. Haydn, whose skull was stolen in 1809 and recently returned to his tomb at Eisenstadt, and Goya, whose skull, stolen in 1828, has never been found (unless we err), seem to be the last of the great to suffer in this way. Perhaps big boys' noggins are not worth stealing nowadays, or perhaps somebody keeps a sharper eye on specialists born under the sign of Mercury, patron of thieves and politicians.

There is still one collector—a Harley Street type—in London, you whites will be interested to learn. We discovered this on overhearing him addressing a buddy of some scientific eminence in a club. Chat as follows:



"I hope you're taking great care of that curious head of yours, Fauncethorpe. Don't forget I want it one day for my collection."

"Anything you'd like me to do about it specially?"

"Well, I don't want it bashed by women, and I particularly don't want you to go fooling round Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday."

"I'll do my best for you."

"Good. Remember I like it the shape it is, like a vegetable-marrow."

"I'll make a note of it."

Reflection

UNDER the big boy's jaunty manner we detected irritation and unease—not because the collector seemed petulant and ready to leap, but because he is, we since gather, the one and only candidate in the field. To imagine a column of a *Times* obituary ending "There will be no competition for the Professor's skull, which will be posted by arrangement to a wellknown curio-collector," is bitter stuff for any of Auntie Science's boys, accustomed as they are to public adulation and worship. However, such is Life, and there the mater roosts, as the chicken said laughingly to the biologist.

Eros

GLAMOROUS gift-birthday-cheques for women in six dainty colours, all over Cupids and roses, are the latest inspiration of the banking boys, we observe. Nothing is lacking but a reclining Venus in the top left-hand corner with an empty balloon issuing from her rosy lips, ready to be filled in with "Refer to drawer" in choice Renaissance script.

Lovers of pure banking already realise that the rot has set in, alas. A bank-manager in a recent Hollywood film spent some time during business hours in the arms of a blonde. We were expecting this eroticism to be nipped in the bud by the solemn entry, in single file, of ten or twelve Vice-Presidents of the Chase Bank, or even the National Guaranty Trust, but nothing happened; whereas in a memorable play some years ago, women popping into a City bank parlour to see Manager Gerald du Maurier had all been expelled before a menial entered with the tremendous words: "The Governor of the Bank of England to see you, sir." (Slow curtain.) To-day, we guess, a playwright would bring the Governor on in person, while the manager was still rocking in a passionate embrace. Maybe there'd be a kiss for the Governor too.

Afterthought

How different the atmosphere of that historic General Meeting at the Bank of England in September 1866, reported verbatim by Bagehot in *Lombard Street*. May we remind you of the big moment?

GOVERNOR: We advanced in the space of three months the sum of £45,000,000—what more do you want?

AN AGED DIRECTOR (*quietly*): The love of a good woman. (*Long silence.*)

GOVERNOR: With regard to railway debentures (etc., etc.).

The operative word is "good." You won't see it anywhere on those fancy cheques.



P. Metters, of the Civil Service Wanderers (right), about to score, followed by D. Perry, Stock Exchange right back



Mr. T. A. E. Prentice and Mr. A. L. Naisby, a member of the Football Association Council, admire the Argonaut Trophy



Sir John Braithwaite, Major M. Karo, vice-president of the Stock Exchange F.A., and Mr. A. L. Jessop watching the game



Van Hallan

Mr. A. R. Farlam and Sir Godfrey Ince, G.C.B., Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, were spectators

CIVIL SERVANTS' ARGONAUT HAT-TRICK

THE Argonaut Football Trophy, presented by The TATLER for competition among clubs that do not normally play competitive football, was won by the Civil Service Wanderers for the third successive year, when they defeated the Stock Exchange, after extra time, in a keen game productive of a high standard of football. After a blank first half, the Service soon established a two-goals lead, but a series of strong attacks by the men from Throgmorton Street brought the scores level just before full time. After both sides had scored in the extra period, the Service got the vital goal in the closing minutes of an exciting encounter.

DIRECTLY after the match the trophy and medals were presented by Mr. A. L. Naisby, member of the Council of the Football Association. Among

spectators were Sir John Braithwaite, Chairman of the Stock Exchange, and Sir Godfrey H. Ince, G.C.B., K.B.E., Chairman of the Civil Service Sports Council, who ranks Association football high in his leisure interests.

LATER the teams and officials dined, when the Assistant Editor of The TATLER, Mr. R. W. Hooper, congratulated the players on their performance.

The Clubs in turn expressed their thanks for the hospitality extended them and welcomed the opportunity of taking part in a competition which produced such sporting games. It was the very type of football the competition was designed to encourage, and so manifestly enjoyed, as on that afternoon, by players and spectators alike.

—S. A. Patman

THE PASSWORD WAS "BUNBURY"

THE Bunbury Club Ball was held at the Hyde Park Hotel recently. The club was formed about four years ago by undergraduates of Trinity College, Cambridge, as a means of keeping contact with each other after they had left the University. Many Trinity men were among the guests



Left: Mr. Julian More, one of the organisers of the ball, Miss Jane Wenham, Mrs. Julian More and Mr. Julian Slade, composer of "Salad Days"

Right: Mr. Antony Chancellor, Miss Diana Mathew, Mr. John George and Miss Vanessa Mathew were applauding the cabaret



HUNT OCCASION IN OXFORDSHIRE

KIRTLINGTON PARK, Bicester, the home of Mr. R. A. Budgett, joint-Master of the Bicester and Warden Hill, was the setting of the hunt's annual ball. Guests particularly enjoyed the opportunity of seeing the many beautiful paintings and handsome ceilings of the house, one of the finest in the county of Oxfordshire



Left: Mrs. G. T. Morton, chairman of the ball committee, Lady Peyton, Mr. R. A. Budgett, of Kirtlington Park, and Sir Algernon Peyton, chairman of the hunt

Right: Mrs. W. L. Pilkington, Mrs. and Mr. E. Courage, Mr. C. Thornton and Mr. W. L. Pilkington, joint-Master of the Bicester and Warden Hill



Miss Jennifer Green and Mr. Ian Gloag, the Cambridge rugger Blue, were having a drink together at the ball, at which there were nearly 300 guests



Mrs. Doric Bossom, daughter-in-law of Sir Alfred Bossom, Bt., M.P. for Maidstone, Mr. John Shepherd-Baron and Mrs. Graham Mackrill at their table



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. and Mrs. John Garforth-Bles, who hunt with the Whaddon and came over from Netherby Grange, Berkhamstead, were standing by the hall fireplace



Mr. H. Lawton and Christabel Lady Amphilh were talking in the entrance to the ballroom. There were some 350 guests at the ball, which continued till 3.30 a.m.



Van Hallan

EDWARD WOLFE, whose landscape of Taxco, Mexico, is one of two exhibits in this year's Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy, is a prominent member of the London Group. He is South African-born, has painted all over the world, and is an artist of great versatility. He now specialises in portraits of children



Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

Evolution of a warrior

JOHN VERNEY'S *GOING TO THE WARS* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) has something of all times about its title. And the martial association is carried on by the jacket drawing, work of the author—a cavalier dashing on his plumed hat to his fair one, fluttering on a balcony. Mr. Verney's experiences were otherwise, having little in common with this picture except a horse. As to spirit, there is something the same: insouciance, a readiness to adventure. This book is very likeable.

By temperament, our author was not a soldier. Yet he joined a Yeomanry regiment in 1936, when he was twenty-three—a young man working for a film company and almost exclusively thinking of Proust and Picasso. "Perhaps," he says—having speculated as to the motives of his friend Amos—

I should say something of my own reasons for joining the Yeomanry, so far as they are discernible. How I managed to join this particular Regiment—I shall call them the Bassetshire Yeomanry—was always a slight mystery to my brother officers and remains so to me. I had no family connections with the county and the Yeomanry was a rather snobbish county institution. For an outsider to be commissioned into it was almost unheard of. Yet somehow or other I was. My brother officers, if they looked at me askance, politely concealed their misgivings. . . . Why I applied for a territorial commission at all is also a mystery.

THERE was the instinct to go out to meet what, by the mid-1930's, seemed bound to come. Avert it?—well, if not exactly that, at least not to wait for it quite passively.

But wars and rumours of wars, I fancy now, cast only a faint shadow over my life then. Quite simply, the prospect of a fortnight's riding in camp every year had probably more to do with my joining. Introspective, shy, tormented with most of the inhibitions of that

age, I was passing through a period of various self-imposed ordeals, imposed for the good of my "soul," and of these riding, which frightened me, was one.

Before he was done with war, Mr. Verney was to become a parachutist, join an irregular organisation on S.O.E. lines and lead a "drop" into Sardinia. Introspection, a thing of the past, totally vanishes from the pages of *Going to the Wars*, though the personal angle is never lost.

Amateur soldiering, in the Quantocks, back in the 1930's, could not be more hilariously described than it is in the chapter "We Never Smoke During Battle." In the Somerset camp we meet characters who are to figure in the action abroad: in particular, Amos—who "among us geese stood out like a sort of quixotic swan." With the outbreak of war comes the Middle East, Palestine, Syria. Not yet was cavalry mechanised. And before embarkation, that farewell to Lucinda: drab was the setting, no balcony picturesqueness. John Verney apparently kept no diary: much here is transcribed from the letters he wrote his wife.

MR. VERNEY claims for this book that it is more about people than about history, though there are moments when history must intrude. He has an amazing gift for characterisation, for seeing how men first were, then how they evolved through war. Quite without sentimentality, he salutes "the marvellous beauty of men's courage."

Many dead continue living for him. "I remembered some last-seen and characteristic attitude or gesture of friends so recently dead; Bubs Tregunter waving light-heartedly from his tank, Bobo Carstammers-Waghorn folding his sketch-pad with a sigh as the light failed, the evening before Alamein. . . ." The adventures after the parachute drop, the fortnight's wandering in Sardinia, the capture and the escape, are

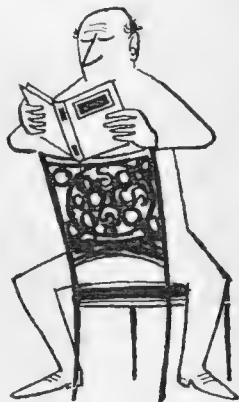
written of in the language of straight excitement. "What," he asks near the end, "do they amount to, these hair-breadth escapes, narrow shaves and the rest? Buchan invented better ones." The value, as he instinctively *does* know, is that this was a way of coming to maturity. *Going to the Wars* is a story of growing up—through decisions, faced-out risks and endurances, and, not least, through the tolerance one learns.

★ ★ ★

ANGELA THIRKELL'S *ENTER SIR ROBERT* (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.) might be called, they say, "A Novel without a Hero," in that no one young man dints the youthful heroine's heart. Edith, shortly to be eighteen, has so far (she confesses) received no offer of marriage. But neither, we may be sure, had she pined in vain. "That a daughter of hers, still under twenty, should not have been in love at least with a curate, or a film-star, would have seemed unusual to Lady Graham, but though her ladyship had an uncommonly good world sense as a rule, she had little clue to her youngest daughter, part romping hoyden, part a sound pig-fancier, part a poetical improvisatoressa, if we may coin such a word."

Mrs. Thirkell's Bassetshire, as we have come to know, is an enviably famous marrying county. Two eligibles, George Halliday and Arthur Crosse, are at large in the Hatch End neighbourhood: both, however, are thirty. A delightful miniature eighteenth-century house, with Chinese wallpapers below and expectant nurseries at the top, is on the point of going a-begging. But, for Edith, all this is still Too Soon. And meanwhile her mother quietly steals the story.

NO story with Agnes Graham anywhere in it could (as far as I am concerned) fail to be stolen. This enchanting, dove-eyed, melodiously interfering woman is the dearest of Mrs. Thirkell's creations, and *Enter Sir Robert* pays her her full due. Temporarily alone at Holdings with Edith, her third and now only unmarried daughter, Lady Graham is as usual full of plans, in conspiracy with the adoring vicar. Sir Robert, her very distinguished husband, is about to retire from the Army. He is also about (though he may not know it) to become a churchwarden and read the lessons in church.



Pleasant diversions—a memorial service for Lady Emily Leslie ("Darling Mamma's service—how she would have loved it"); a biggish lunch party, at which we re-meet the Pomfrets; telephoning; sherry; an impromptu wet day dance; a look at a house—enliven a rainily typical English summer. A cricket match falls through, but nothing else. Mrs. Thirkell on the subject of weather, as weather now is, is deeply satisfying: she has a way of wording all that one feels. And such a novel as this is a great consoler: the author is in her most delicious vein—can one say more?

Sir Robert enters only on the last page.

★ ★ ★

DIRE by contrast, read in the same week, is Lillian Roth's unsparing *I'LL CRY TO-MORROW* (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.). This is the self-told story of a film star who vanished into the depths of alcoholism, reached the bottom of degradation, then fought her way back. Once again, now, she successfully faces the world. She feels that she has a message, and she must give it: already, during a tour in Australia, she has testified from the pulpits of several churches. "To-day," writes the Rev. Gordon Powell, of Sydney, formerly of Melbourne, "hundreds in this country date their new life from her visit and thank God for Lillian Roth." And back again in America, apparently, millions wept unashamedly when Miss Roth's extraordinary biography was sketched, to the accompaniment of her charming visage, on T.V.

Alcoholism in England (we call it drunkenness) is no less a problem, no less an evil. It is, rightly or wrongly, less of a public subject. Therefore, how *I'll Cry To-morrow* is likely to fare in this country, one cannot say. Some readers may find it too painful, others too sordid. Considerable interest attaches to the opening chapters, with their account of the nervous suffering of a child star (Miss Roth first took the stage at five). And the end is redeemed by heroic courage: much must have been needed, to make that comeback! The principal object of the book is to pay tribute to Alcoholics Anonymous, to explain that great society's methods and show the value of its reclaiming work. . . . Miss Roth writes in collaboration with Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank.

★ ★ ★

RAKE ROCHESTER, by Charles Norman (W. H. Allen; 16s.), is a biography of which it seems not unfair to say that it is written principally from the sex angle. The setting is the ever-promising one of Charles II.'s Restoration Court, with its famous prowlers and easygoing beauties. George Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, poet, wit, man of intellect (though that last was wasted), is a character deserving more all-round treatment. Mr. Norman does, it is true, succeed in conveying Rochester's charm and brilliance, something of the irony of his early promise, and some sense of the fatality which pursued him. What kept him tied, lifelong, to his Monarch's whims, to the Court which ruined him?

Disconsolate, his wife lived alone in Oxfordshire. Into a letter to her he dashed this verse:—

Is there a man, ye gods, whom I do hate?
Dependence and Attendance be his fate;
Let him be busy still, and in a crowd,
And very much a slave, and very proud.



A GREAT VENETIAN FRESCO PAINTER

"GIAMBATTISTA TIEPOLO, HIS LIFE AND WORK," by Antonio Morassi (Phaidon Press; 42s.), gives a fine and varied selection of the work of the Venetian baroque painter of the eighteenth century who was famous throughout Europe. Typical is "The Gathering of the Manna" (above) in Verolanuova Parish Church



THE KERNEL OF A SUMMER WARDROBE

THIS lovely topcoat, made of fine white fleecy wool, seems to us a good focal point round which to build a summer wardrobe. Its bold clear lines all combine to give it character. At 26 gns. we feel that this coat means money well spent. It comes from Jenners of Edinburgh, from whom can be obtained the other merchandise shown on the page opposite, which together make a useful ensemble for a cool day.



Delightful to wear beneath the coat on cool days, or as a street dress, this model in golden tan Swiss knitted fabric has an elastic waistband inside the frock which keeps it moulded to the figure. It costs £23 2s. The little hat, vivid tangerine in colour, made of draped felt, costs 85s., while the capacious hazel pigskin handbag is very reasonably priced at £8 13s. 6d.

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans





UP to a few years ago summer coats were the neglected children of the fashion industry. With their straight, unexciting lines and the depressing uniformity of their colours and materials they presented a tricky problem for the clothes-conscious woman. Designers, however, have recently become more adventurous in this field and summer coats now seem to be getting smarter and smarter every year. Above: A cream coloured wool coat with a black velvet collar by Bickler. It has short revers, low placed slit pockets and a single-breasted three-button fastening. Obtainable from Debenham and Freebody's Twenty Budget Shop

— MARIEL DEANS

All hats on these pages are by Dolores. The car is a Ford Zodiac

Summer coats for cooler days

Light coats with a high-fashion look

Travella's "Claridge" is a Dior inspired coat of navy blue wool with an interesting fitted back and low, dipping belt-line. Notice its rather wide, pretty collar. Liberty's, Regent Street, have got this coat in stock





The Oriental touch in town

IN these two examples there is a definite Eastern influence, of the mandarin and with Persian print. Immediately above, an unlined duster coat of silk and Terylene by Asta. Practically uncrushable, very light in weight and a wonderful packer, this coat is exclusive to Marshall and Snelgrove. Above right, Alexon make this grey and white patterned grosgrain fitted coat with its draped collarless neck and wide flaring skirt. It comes from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

*Continuing
Summer coats
for cooler days*

Study in pale blue, with high-line interest

A pretty pale blue blanket cloth coat depending for interest on the line of its high set breast pockets and gently rounded shoulders. Designed by Ledux it is sold by Harrods of Knightsbridge



Lace and brocade for the lady

WITH the season well under way we present these lighthearted accessories designed for parties and festive occasions generally. They have just that extra elegance about them which is so important for smartness

— JEAN CLELAND

Above: Cool and summery French nylon gloves. Ivy pattern (short), £1 1s. 6d., Waffle pattern (three-quarter length) 17s. 6d., from Woollands

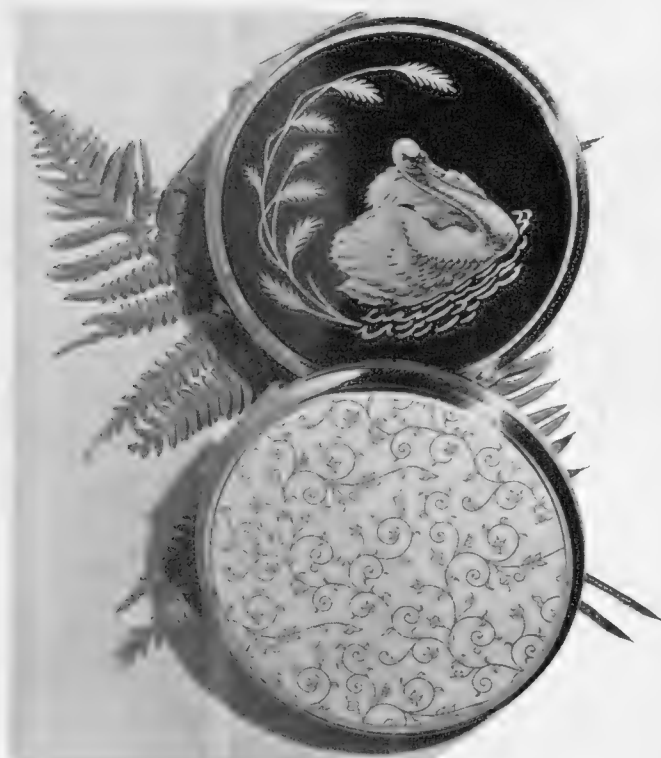
Below: Lace nylon gloves by Canat of France with flower pattern (three-quarter length), £1 18s. 9d., from Woollands





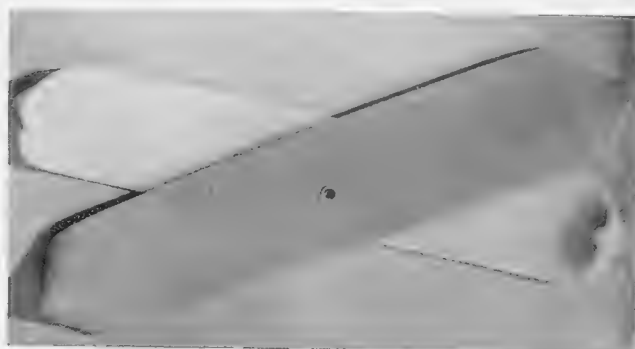
Above: Combined compact and cigarette case in engine turned gilt, with lipstick on top. £2 16s. 6d. Selfridges

Below: Two-sided brocade evening bag in silver and white brocade with fitted purse £5 3s. Gold and white, with mirror, £5 15s. Spray of roses, £2 9s. 6d., all from Harvey Nichols

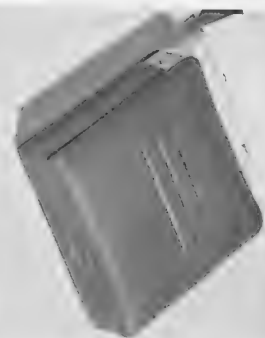


Convertible powder compacts for solid powder or, by removing a spring, for loose powder. Enamel top, £1 5s., gilt top, £1 7s. 6d., from Woollands

As new as today



Above: the "Plasfoam" coathanger, slipped over a wooden hanger, gives a soft spongy finish. Price 2s. 6d. a pair or 1s. 3d. each from Selfridges. Right: The "Magnet" cigarette box clings to the metal dashboard of a car. Selfridges Smoker's Department at 32s. Below: A cosmetic bag in candy stripe, 6s. 6d., with purse, 9s. 6d. from Marshall and Snelgrove



Dennis Smith

Beauty

Reshaping
the face

A group of preparations used in the Maria Hornès treatment, which approaches the problem of sagging facial contours from a new angle

THE skin may be clear, and the make-up of flowerlike delicacy, but, if the face is in "poor shape," it has a look of age that neither creams, lotions nor skilful maquillage can eradicate or disguise.

As a depressed friend said to me only the other day, as she took a well-worn garment out of her wardrobe, "there's nothing to choose between this frock and my face. They're both sagging, and they look dreadful. I can take a tuck in the dress, but what can I do with my face?"

It was this question that set my thoughts winging back over the years to a night when, at a glittering musical evening given by the famous violinists Jelly D'Aranyi and Adila Fachiri (great-nieces of the famous Joachim), I met a beautiful Hungarian woman by the name of Maria Hornès. She was, I learnt, a beauty specialist plus. In other words, she was a beauty specialist with a deep and scientific knowledge of manipulative massage, which was, she told me, a method of "face-lifting" without the use of surgery.

LATER in the evening, when she had gone, I expressed surprise to my hostesses that such a glamorous-looking creature should have taken up so serious-minded a career. It was then that they told me her story. Well known as an outstanding Hungarian beauty, she had had a car accident, which caused such damage to her face that it seemed as if her looks had gone for ever. In despair, she sought advice, and was lucky enough to be sent to one of the finest scientific Continental doctors of that time. He and two other doctors achieved what seemed to her a miracle. With manipulative movements and consummate skill, they re-shaped and "lifted" her face, completely eradicating all signs of the damage that had been done to it.

SUCH was the start of Maria Hornès's career. So impressed was she with what had been done for her that she straight-away gave up everything for the intensive study of what could be described as "facial moulding."

"If you take notice," she said to me, "you will see that men, in the main, keep their contours much better than women. This is partly due to the act of daily shaving, in which

the mere act of turning the head from left to right and vice-versa, as the razor is used first on one side of the face and then the other, helps to keep the underlying muscles firm.

"The muscles," she went on, "are the framework; they form the structural foundation upon which the whole face stands or falls. When sagging sets in, this is a sign that the foundation is getting slack. By means of stimulation and manipulation it can be braced and strengthened so that the contours are lifted and the looks rejuvenated.

"A fat face droops more quickly and much more easily than a thin one, because, being heavier, the strain on the muscles is far greater. A thin face, on the other hand, has not nearly so much strain, and in consequence keeps its shape better, and as a rule far longer."

MARIA HORNÈS's method of facial treatment is highly individual. Each case is dealt with according to its particular needs. A client may be worried because she has some swelling under the eyes. This may be caused by kidney trouble, in which case it is a matter for a doctor. It can also be due to acid-producing congestion, which can be dispersed by manipulative movements round the area. Incidentally, I was interested to learn that a very large proportion of English complexions are acid, while on the Continent they are much more prone to be alkaline. This, it seems, has something to do with the

English climate and the water conditions. An important factor in face moulding and firming is the need for co-operation by the patient who, if the result is to be satisfactory, must be prepared to carry on the good work at home, between treatments. As with a pianist—or any other instrumentalist—while the lessons are essential, the practice in between is of paramount importance.

CLIENTS who go to Maria Hornès are shown how to do the movements for themselves, and are instructed in the various manipulative movements for different parts of the face and neck.

One of the chief of these is "kneading" with the fingers and thumb. This is wonderfully effective for tightening and bracing up the muscles of the throat, and if carried out regularly, completely does away with the loose slack look which is so ageing. Maria Hornès brushes aside all nonsense about "not having time" by saying that it can be done at any odd moment, while reading, or even while talking on the phone. "You know," she said to me, "what long conversations some women have on the telephone, and this provides a splendid opportunity for a little 'home-work.'"

OTHER aspects of the treatment as given in the salon are carried out according to what is required. It may be a little "short-wave," to give penetrative warmth to the skin, and make it supple, or it may be a special mask to re-vitalize it and refine the texture. But whatever the methods employed, I can testify to the results from many cases I have observed over the years—in particular, that of a woman friend whom I met only the other day, after not seeing her for some considerable time.

"Whatever have you been doing?" I said, "you ought to look older, but in point of fact, you look ten years younger." I was not surprised to hear that she had been taking a course with Maria Hornès. When I told Madame about this, she said, "Well that client was a good pupil, and she got what she deserved. I do not pretend to perform overnight miracles. My treatment is scientific. If a client works with me, I do claim that she will be pleased—perhaps even amazed—at the consequent result.

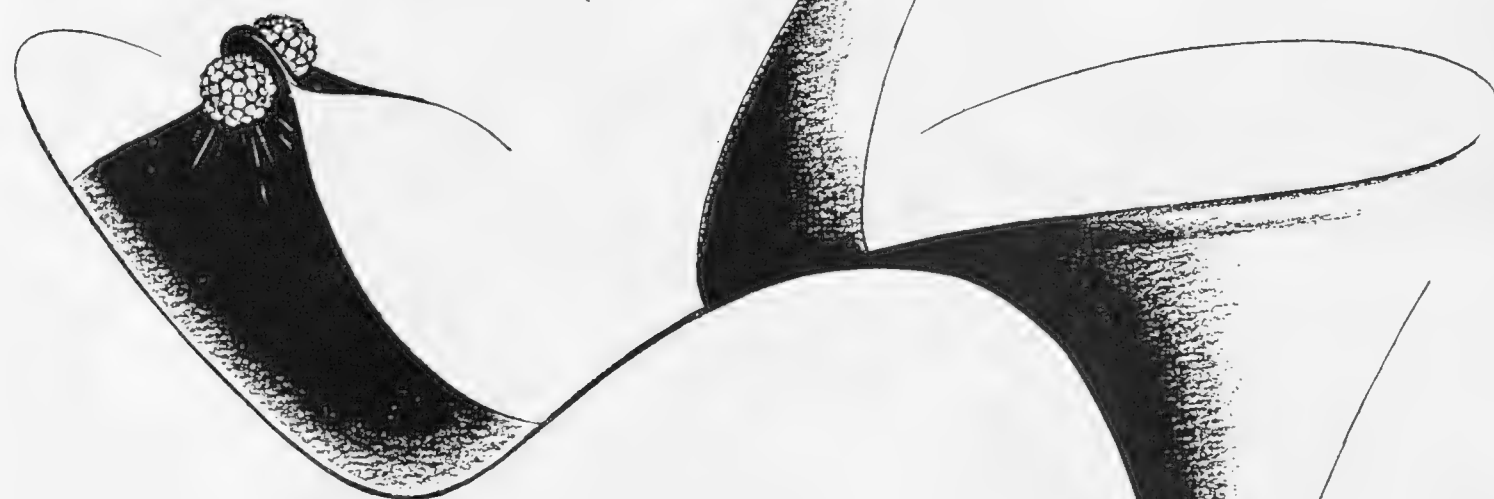
—Jean Cleland



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Yevonde

Miss Sarah Burrows, daughter of the Dean of Hereford and Mrs. Hedley Burrows, of The Dean's Lodging, Hereford, is to marry Mr. Michael Pratt, elder son of Lt.-Col. E. R. Pratt, M.C., and Mrs. Pratt, of Ryston Hall, Norfolk



Bassano

Miss Mary Katherine Douglas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas, of Cheltenham, is engaged to Mr. John Walford Roome, son of Maj.-Gen. Sir Horace and Lady Roome, of Toland Bay, I.O.W.



Harrods

Miss Rita Weeks, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Weeks, of Bournemouth, Hampshire, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Vincent Shaw, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Shaw, of Worthing, Sussex



Lenore

Miss Geraldine Inez Antoinette Harding, daughter of Major and Mrs. F. L. Harding, of Singapore, is engaged to Major R. J. Beech, XIIth Royal Lancers, son of the late Col. D. C. M. Beech, and of Mrs. R. S. T. Moore, of Hyde Tynning, Minchinhampton, Glos



Fayer

Miss Rosemary Freestone-Barnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Freestone-Barnes, of Long Itchington, Warwickshire, is to marry Mr. H. J. C. Ross Skinner, son of Col. H. C. Ross Skinner, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. C. Ross Skinner, of Dorchester, Dorset

An ideal wedding present, which is very much appreciated—and a constant reminder of the giver—is a subscription to The TATLER. Annual subscription £5 16s. 6d. (overseas £5 18s. 6d.), six months £3 (overseas £3 1s. 3d.). Both inclusive of Christmas number. A card from the donor will be included if requested. Send your cheque to the Publisher, Dept. ED/C, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, London, W.C.2.



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Left: Agnew—Laycock. Lt. Mark Agnew, R.N., only son of Lt.-Col. R. L. Agnew and Mrs. M. N. Rowlett, married Miss J. O. L. (Tilly) Laycock, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir Robert Laycock and Lady Laycock, of Government House, Malta, G.C., at St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, Malta



THEY WERE MARRIED



Riley—Jackson. Capt. T. R. Riley, the Rifle Brigade, son of the late Lt.-Col. H. L. Riley, D.S.O., O.B.E., and of Mrs. Riley, of Burbank House, Blencowe, Penrith, married Miss Ankaret Tarn Jackson, daughter of Mr. William Jackson, of Burtholme, Brampton, Cumberland, and of the late Lady Ankaret Jackson, at Lanercost Priory Church, Cumberland



Friend—Hinchliffe. Mr. I. J. C. (Bobby) Friend, son of Major J. I. H. Friend, O.B.E., M.C., D.L., and Mrs. Friend, of Scots Hall, Smeeth, Kent, married Miss Flavia Frederica Hinchliffe, youngest daughter of Sir Henry Hinchliffe, D.L., and Lady Hinchliffe, of Muckleston Old Rectory, Market Drayton, Shropshire, at Muckleston Church



Lloyd-George—Medlicott. Mr. William Lloyd-George, younger son of Major the Rt. Hon. and Mrs. G. Lloyd-George, of The Lordship, Cottered, Hertfordshire, married at St. Peter's, Winchester, Miss Ursula Medlicott, youngest daughter of the late Col. H. E. Medlicott, D.S.O., and of Mrs. H. E. Medlicott, of Wherwell Manor Farm, Andover



Anson—Clarke. Lt.-Cdr. Sir Peter Anson, Bt., R.N., son of the late Sir Edward R. A. Anson, Bt., and of Lady Anson, of Hatch Beauchamp, Somerset, married Miss Elizabeth A. Clarke, only daughter of Rear-Admiral (L) Sir Philip and Lady Clarke, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Boles—Worswick. Sir Jeremy Fortescue Boles, Bt., of Watts House, Bishops Lydeard, Somerset, son of the late Sir Gerald Boles, Bt., and of Mrs. D. Carver, of Bagborough, Taunton, married Miss Dorothy Jane Worswick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Worswick, of Enmore, near Bridgwater, Somerset, at Bishop's Lydeard Church

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JUBILEE DINNER AT GUILDHALL

THE Automobile Association held a Golden Jubilee Dinner at Guildhall to celebrate half a century of service to motoring in this country. Right: The Earl and Countess Howe being greeted by the Chairman of the A.A., Lord Teynham, and Lady Teynham



Motoring

The new Rolls-Royce

THOSE officials who devote themselves without stint or pause to eliminating such gains in time as modern transport can afford—I mean the officials of Customs and Excise—were partly responsible for my missing a joy ride to outdo all joy rides. For when eight of the new Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud and Bentley "S" Series cars were placed at the disposal of motoring writers, I was engaged in frantic form filling, telephoning, pleading and threatening in order to obtain Customs clearance for a short length of film which had been kindly sent me by the Bell Aircraft Corporation of America showing their new jet lift aircraft in action.

Apart from my personal disappointment at not trying the new cars, however, no harm was done, for every newspaper carried a full report. These cars carry chassis similitude to its logical conclusion, meaning that the Rolls-Royce owner now has somewhat more speed at his disposal. Dr. Llewellyn Smith, nobly aided and abetted by Mr. R. N. Dorey (who used to be in charge at Hucknall by the way), has pressed the traditional pedal hard. The cars fall into line yet are entirely new; they embody basic design changes, yet are fully tried.

PERHAPS the best example to pick on is the braking system which continues to use the famous servo disc, yet which has had its sole minor defect eliminated. This is the small time lag when moving very slowly, as when manoeuvring in a garage. I have always regarded the Rolls-Royce system of servo braking as the best of all systems and it has

been a constant source of surprise to me that it has not been widely imitated. I should add for those who have forgotten their history that it has proved successful in racing as well as in touring. The new brake drums are much wider because of the smaller road wheels.

Another important improvement is in the induction manifolding. This is where smooth idling and smooth running in general is to be obtained. Close study has led to the introduction of an induction gallery and separate ports. The valve arrangement, with overhead inlet and side exhaust valves, is retained, but the head is new.

HERE is another little note on tubeless tyres. My set (by Dunlop) has now done about 10,000 miles and I have been experimenting to check the intervals at which pressures are likely to need adjusting, taking a change of over one pound to be the critical amount. I am now finding that it is possible to go two months without much risk of the pressures going wrong; but I hasten to add that I am not recommending these sort of intervals. The best course is the regular and frequent check.

What is shown, however, is that the tubeless tyre does fulfil its promise in holding pressure slightly better.

There is one other important point which has caused Mercédès to consider fitting them to their sports cars (they may have decided to do so by now). This is the lower temperature at which the tyres run at speed. For ordinary touring, tyre temperatures may not be important; but with cars like the Mercédès any step to keep tyre temperatures down as speed increases is worth taking.

With fine weather there is always an influx of lunatic drivers on the road and the latter part of April was no exception. In mid-winter it is safer to rely on the other man doing the expected thing than it is in summer. In fact winter driving is more restful than summer, largely for that reason.

So the point arises once more of definition. Most summer drivers would be indignant if it were suggested that they are less accomplished than the all-the-year-round ones. And it is difficult to state that one course of action is "wrong" and another "right." For instance when a car comes up the stem of the T at a T junction and intends to turn right while a car proceeding across the top of the T wishes also to turn right, down the stem, who has priority?

Few rulings on this can be held to be satisfactory, for the truth seems to be that it depends on how the junction is shaped and where the sight lines run. Perhaps in some of these doubtful cases a priority rule such as is applied in France would be equally of benefit in this country.

IF I leave matters related to the Mille Miglia and to Stirling Moss's wonderful win to a future article, it is because, as I did not go to Italy, I must await detailed reports. The newspapers carried the general facts; but the facts that come out later are often more technically interesting. The title of the event, however, reminds me of one point which should be made now.

Although they may in this instance talk of "miglia" those who organize and run the big Continental events think and measure in the metric system and it is my conviction that all international events should keep to that system; giving speeds in kilometres an hour. After all the metric system is the sole international system of weights and measures in existence; it has the advantage of being decimalized and it is easy to accustom oneself to it. I shall have more to say on this later.

—Oliver Stewart



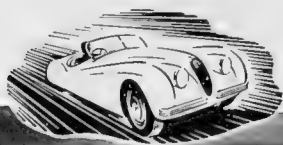
Viscount Hailsham, who as the Rt. Hon. Quintin Hogg was M.P. for Oxford City from 1938 to 1950, with Mrs. Charles Eade



Capt. C. B. Fry, Mrs. K. L. Kelly and Mr. K. L. Kelly who is Secretary of the A.A. were among the guests at the A.A. celebration



Lord Merthyr of Hean Castle, Pembrokeshire, was sitting next to Sir Patrick Abercrombie, the eminent town planner, during dinner



BACKGROUND TO JAGUAR BREEDING . . .



LE MANS

This scene of pastoral tranquillity on the Le Mans circuit at Mulsanne is in striking contrast to the sound and fury of the International 24-Hours Race which is fought out annually on this famous circuit. Twice in four years Jaguar have won the Le Mans Grand Prix d'Endurance, and to Jaguar goes the distinction of being the first car to win it at over 100 m.p.h.



JAGUAR *Grace . . . Space . . . Pace*

DINING OUT

The accent is marine

I. Bickerstaff

IT is a joy to be in Paris in the spring, but for many of us it is impossible; for a worthwhile substitute there is Maison Prunier, in St. James's. It has been described as "a complete transportation from Paris," and it certainly has an atmosphere of authentic French, which is to be expected because after all its presiding genius in the words of a town crier is "Madame Prunier in Person."

The restaurant manager M. Guyot, his assistant M. Sonvico, and the chef M. Muller have over eighty years of service between them with the House of Prunier.

WHAT a menu! with, of course, the accent on "Tout ce qui vient de la mer"—"Everything coming from the sea."

Unless you have some preconceived idea of what you want before you go in, or have ample leisure in which to make your decision, you find yourself in an agony of doubt as to which of the huge array of *spécialités de la maison* you should choose.

They have the good sense to give an explanation of most of the French names, with a description of the ingredients.



Ivon De Wynter

Madame Prunier discusses shellfish with her restaurant manager, René Guyot, at the cold table in the front restaurant of her famous London establishment in St. James's Street

When for example you read that *Homard flambé du vieux moine* is broiled lobster, flavoured with Trappistine, singed with brandy and Trappistine and served with fennel butter, at 17s. 6d., you begin to get a little lightheaded, and this sort of thing goes on down the full page of a menu close spaced and well over a foot in length.

There is a suggested lunch at 15s. 6d., a special three course Theatre Dinner from 5.45 to 7 p.m. at 18s. 6d., wines by the glass or carafe at 3s. and 18s. and a very extensive wine list to suit any taste or income.

A bright idea is their *On Prendra* service whereby you can order a wide choice of their specialities, collect them at your convenience, and serve them in your own home.

FROM Paris to the Pyrenees. To the Maison Basque in Dover Street which has a plaque outside bearing the inscription *Restaurant Française de Premier Ordre*. M. Andrea who has been there many years, Mr. A. Cazzani (who was twenty-eight years at Scotts) backed up by their chef M. Ramponi and their maitre d'hôtel M. Dominique, take great trouble to live up to this announcement.

It has for some time acquired a reputation for being extremely expensive. A mystery to its proprietors and quite undeserved. Price for quality it is very reasonable.

There is a *table d'hôte* lunch at 10s. 6d. and dinner at 12s. 6d., nor could the price of the specialities of the house be described as excessive. *Scampi Frite ou à l'Américaine*, 9s. 6d., *Suprême de Volaille Basquaise* 12s. 6d., *Poulet Basque* 10s. 6d., and so on at that sort of level.

THERE is a choice of over a hundred wines from the glass at 3s. 6d., the carafe at 17s. 6d., not neglecting a quite excellent white Burgundy Geisweiler "Reserve" '49 at 40s., to an astonishing Niersteiner Pettenthal Riesling, Feinste Auslese 1921 at 75s.!

You are greeted when you go in by a small bar which boasts fourteen different sherries and the general décor can best be described as "rustic French."

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Statue or Hospital?

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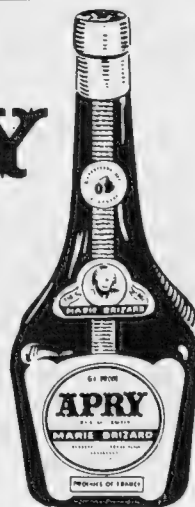


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DINING IN

Master-plan for the hostess

—Helen Burke



How do busy women holding important posts or engaged in equally exacting voluntary work manage to prepare and serve meals which, at all times, might have been produced by a first-class cook with no other occupation? The numbers of women who do these double jobs are growing all the time.

I think the answer is their over-all planning. They list dishes which require last-minute cooking only; some which, for the greater part, can be prepared well in advance, and some very special ones which they attempt only when they are at home all day.

A friend of mine, a very busy woman, has an exercise book indexed with such headings as "Last minute," "Prepared ahead," "Prolonged cooking." In it, she jots down new recipes, and the list lengthens most surprisingly.

Then again, many are investing in cookers with automatic oven control, whose great advantage is that they switch themselves on at the time when cooking should commence and switch themselves off when the cooking period is up. Dishes can be placed in them early in the day and, should there be any delay in returning home in the evening, all will be well. But, even without this latest convenience, well-organized folk still manage very well.

Soup is no problem, with so many ready-to-use varieties and the touch of "something different" which ingenious folk are bound to add. Take, for instance, packeted chicken noodle soup. One woman makes it with milk and water, half and half, drains off the noodles and thickens the soup with a little cream blended with egg yolk. The noodles themselves are used, next day, as part filling for stuffed tomatoes.

A most unusual soup—Creme Bula Bula—was given me by a chef friend: Make a packet or tin of green pea soup, slightly thicker than usual. Add about half its quantity in turtle soup. Turn into individual cups, float on top of each a little cream beaten with an egg yolk, then slip under the grill to colour the cream. (That is so special that I give it here reluctantly!)

Chef Lebegue gave me his Veal Cordon Bleu, another quick dish. Allow two small thin escalopes of veal per person. Beat them out still thinner. Brush each with beaten egg. On each, place a very thin slice of boiled ham, brush it with egg, add a very thin slice of Gruyère and brush it with egg, too. Place one piece, egg side down, on top of the other, very gently press together, then fry, very gently, in butter. Turn carefully and cook the other side. These servings seem a lot but, so

delicious they are, they are frequently not enough!

Epigrammes of Lamb, made wholly of breast of lamb, are partly prepared in advance. Buy as large a breast as possible and leave it whole. Fold it in two and slowly cook it in water, with a big bouquet garni, carrots and onions to your liking and seasoning to taste, until the bones can be removed. Drain and remove all bones. Place the meat on an enamelled or plastic tray with a heavily weighted board on top and leave to become cold. Cut into small squares or, more correctly, heart shapes, then, when required, dip in egg and bread-crumbs and very quickly fry both sides in shallow fat. (The lamb stock, fat removed, and any left-over lean pieces of meat will make an excellent Scotch Broth.)

HAMBURGERS, prepared early on, are the ideal "steaks" for last-minute cooking. (The recipe has already appeared here.) Swedish Meat Balls can also be made up well in advance, leaving only the shaping and cooking to be done. Grind fairly finely $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each of beef, veal and pork. Add a fried finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine bread-crumbs, less than a cup of top milk, a beaten egg and pepper and salt to taste. Leave in a covered bowl in the refrigerator until required. Form into balls and fry all over in fairly hot butter or margarine and a little olive oil.

Sprinkle a little flour into the frying-pan, stir in a little top milk and cream, cook while stirring, season to taste, then add a dessertspoon of sherry and pour this exceedingly rich and pleasant sauce over the meat balls and serve. Creamed mashed potatoes are ideal with them and, now that fresh young spinach is here, I would also serve it *en branche*.

Sweets are no difficulty. Fruit salad is a grand stand-by, and chilled Zabaglione, poured over ice cream, garnished with sliced fresh pears, is a highlight dish. Or make the quickest and best of all chocolate sauces this way: Break a 2 to 4-oz. bar dessert chocolate into a small pan. Add 2 to 4 (or even 5) tablespoons hot water and very gently heat to dissolve. Stir and pour the hot sauce over a brick of ice cream and strew some chopped walnuts on top.

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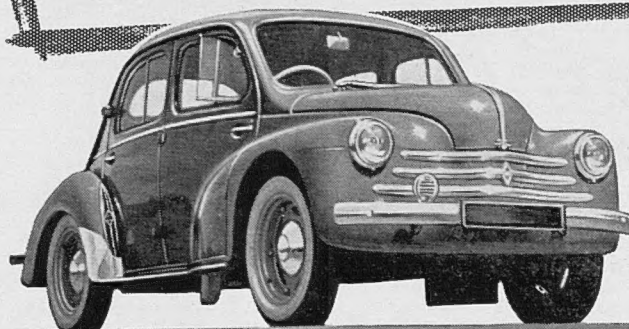
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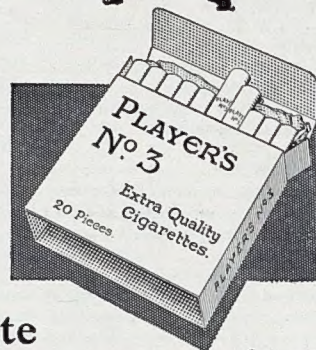


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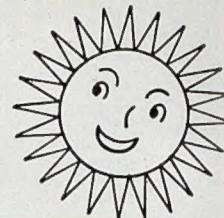
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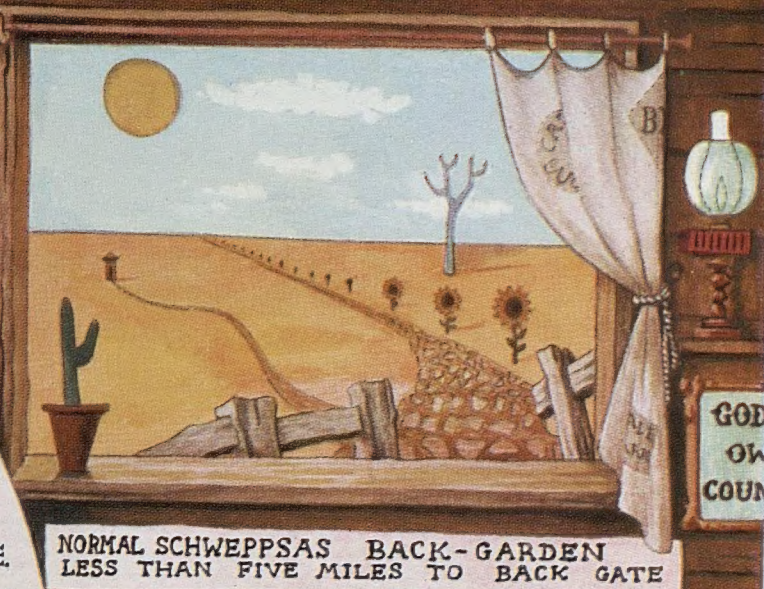
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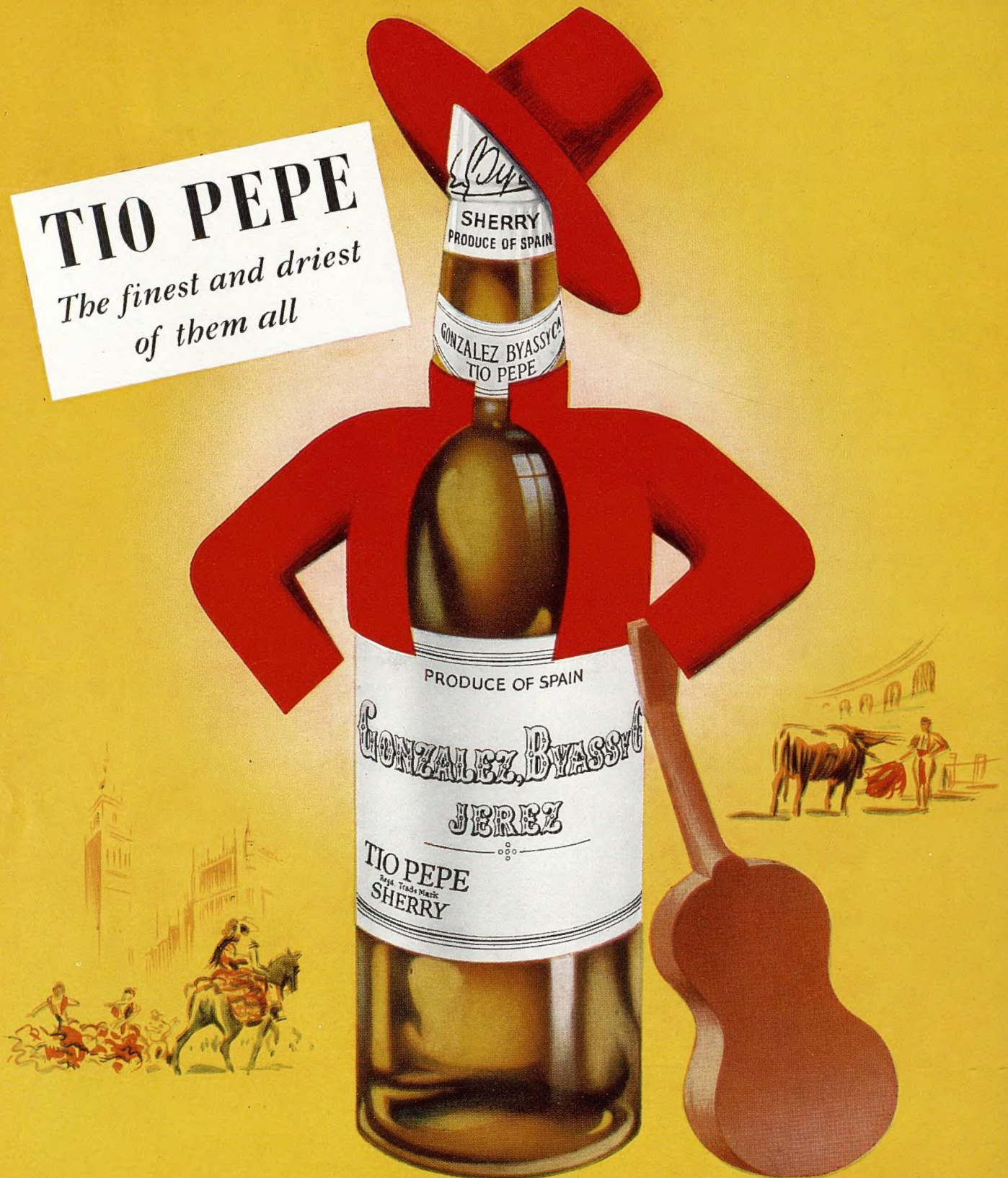
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